

MARCH  
No.53

# CRACK COMICS

10¢



*Larry Reeves*



*Captain*  
**TRIUMPH**  
battles  
*The MAN*  
**WHO**  
**ROBBED**  
**THE DEAD!**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Captain TRIUMPH



A cunning plot, inspired by greed and guile, was put in action to steal a legacy left to a dead man! It looked airtight to the vile human vultures who planned it, but.... the dead victim they chose to rob happened to be **Michael Gallant!**

How could they know that his spirit still lived...and could combine with his twin brother Lance to become the invincible **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH**, whose whole purpose in life is to crush the forces of evil?

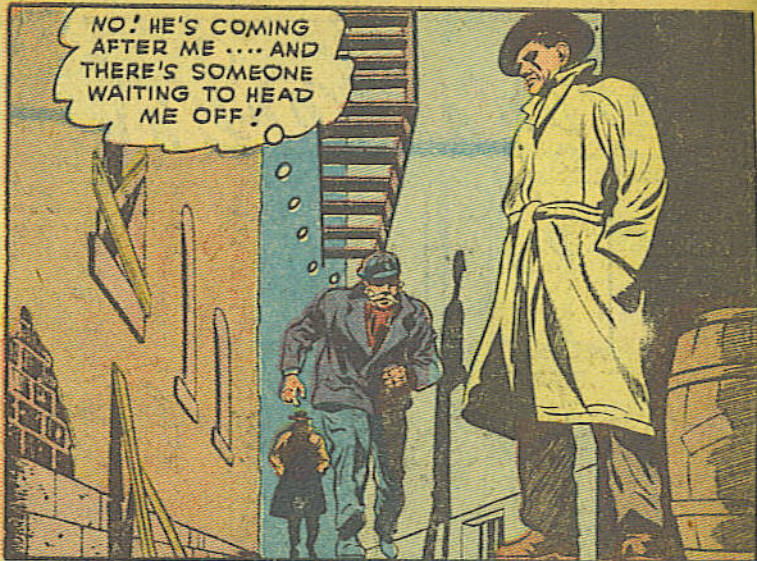


Dark night...a dark street...  
and dark figures in action...

HE'S FOLLOWED ME EVER SINCE  
I GOT OFF THE SHIP! PERHAPS,  
IF I TUCK DOWN THIS ALLEY I  
CAN SHAKE HIM OFF!



NO! HE'S COMING  
AFTER ME... AND  
THERE'S SOMEONE  
WAITING TO HEAD  
ME OFF!



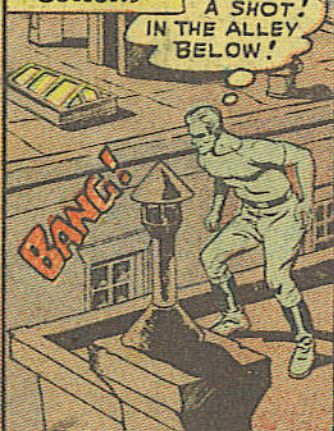
WHAT'S ALL THIS  
ABOUT, YOU TWO?  
WHY ARE YOU POINTING  
THAT GUN AT ME? I  
DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU  
WANT... DON'T EVEN  
KNOW WHO YOU ARE...

YOU'LL  
NEVER  
KNOW!



No one is at hand to  
hear...except for the  
ghost of Michael  
Gallant...

A SHOT!  
IN THE ALLEY  
BELOW!



WELL DONE!  
NOW HURRY  
AWAY!

THEIR VICTIM  
IS DEAD! AND  
HIS FACE... I  
KNOW HIM!



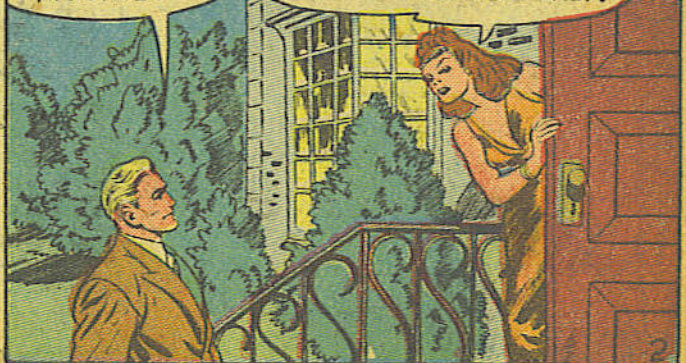
IT'S EMMET D'ARCY...  
MY GODFATHER... BACK  
IN THIS COUNTRY! I'LL  
HAVE TO FIND LANCE  
IMMEDIATELY!



And Lance, Michael's surviving twin  
brother, has a date with his two best  
friends....

HOW'S IT GOING,  
KIM? HERE I AM,  
COMPLETE WITH  
APPETITE!

COME IN AND WATCH BIFF  
TOSS UP HIS FAVORITE  
SPAGHETTI RECIPE! HE  
CLAIMS NO WOMAN KNOWS  
THE SCIENCE PROPERLY!





THERE Y'ARE, KIDS!  
PLENTY OF DAMES  
WOULD MARRY ME  
TOMORROW FOR THE  
SECRET OF MY  
SPAGHETTI... BUT  
NEITHER BEAUTY  
NOR MONEY CAN  
TEMPT ME!

LANCE!  
LANCE!



Only Lance Gallant can  
see and hear the dis-  
embodied spirit of  
his twin brother...

IT'S ABOUT  
EMMET  
DARCY... YOU  
REMEMBER, OUR  
FATHER TOLD HIM  
TO LOOK AFTER  
ME! HE'S LYING  
DEAD IN AN  
ALLEY THE OTHER  
SIDE OF  
TOWN!

EMMET DARCY!  
HE WENT TO  
EUROPE BEFORE THE  
WAR...! SPENT  
YEARS THERE  
ON SOME  
SECRET  
MISSION!  
AND NOW,  
YOU SAY...



Immediately,  
Lance touches the  
mystic mark on  
his wrist and the  
twins merge into...



**CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH!**  
WHAT ARE YOU  
UP TO?

LANCE WILL TAKE A  
RAIN CHECK ON THE  
SPAGHETTI DINNER,  
BIFF! SEE YOU  
LATER!



WHAT HOPPED  
ACROSS THE  
STREET OVER  
US?

DUNNO! IT WAS  
TOO BIG FOR A CAT...  
TOO SOLID FOR A  
PUFF OF SMOKE...  
AND TOO FAST FOR  
A SHOOTING STAR!



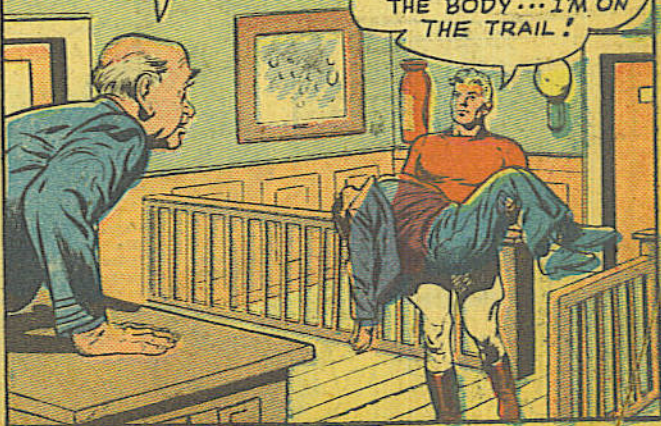
Within speeding seconds, Captain  
Triumph returns to the scene of  
Emmet Darcy's death...

NO TRACE OF HIS MURDERERS!  
NO CLUE TO THEM OR THEIR  
MOTIVES! I'LL FIND THEM...  
BUT, MEANWHILE, I CAN'T  
LEAVE HIM LYING HERE!



IT'S CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!  
WHAT HAVE YOU THERE...  
SOMEONE INJURED?

SOMEBODY'S DEAD,  
SERGEANT... KILLED  
IN A BRUTAL,  
COWARDLY FASHION!  
TAKE CHARGE OF  
THE BODY... I'M ON  
THE TRAIL!





Not even the great mind and power of Captain Triumph can find a trace of the assassins! In the morning, after Captain Triumph has again touched the wrist mark to separate into the twin brothers...



ARE YOU ATTORNEY TRIPKON? I'M LANCE GALLANT! YOU PHONED FOR ME TO COME TO YOUR OFFICE!

SIT DOWN, MR. GALLANT! THESE ARE NEWSPAPERMEN! THEY CAME TO HEAR THE NEWS OF MR. EMMET DARCY'S INTERESTING WILL!



AS YOU AND I KNOW, MR. DARCY WAS THE GODFATHER OF YOUR BROTHER MICHAEL! HE WENT TO EUROPE BEFORE YOUR BROTHER'S TRAGIC DEATH, AND APPARENTLY NEVER KNEW ABOUT IT! THIS WILL SAYS THAT HIS FORTUNE... MORE THAN A MILLION DOLLARS... GOES TO MICHAEL GALLANT! YOU ARE YOUR BROTHER'S CLOSEST LIVING RELATIVE, AND NATURALLY WILL INHERIT!

AMAZING AND RATHER SHOCKING, MR. TRIPKON! I KNEW MR. DARCY ONLY SLIGHTLY! IT WAS MICHAEL WHO WAS CLOSE TO HIM!

THAT BEING THE CASE, AND SINCE I HAVE PLENTY FOR MY OWN SIMPLE NEEDS, I DON'T FEEL LIKE ACCEPTING THAT FORTUNE AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES! I'D RATHER THAT IT WAS USED FOR THE GOOD OF UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE...

LANCE! LANCE! I KNEW YOU'D DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS! I COULD NOT WISH FOR A BETTER OR WISER BROTHER!



ARRANGE FOR IT TO BE TURNED OVER TO THE AMERICAN FUND FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH, MR. TRIPKON! IT WILL HELP MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN!

WHAT A STORY, BUB! THIS GOES ON THE FRONT PAGE!



Daily Informer

FINAL

# LANCE GALLANT GIVES MILLION TO MEDICAL RESEARCH! GENEROUS GIFT TO AID SCIENCE!

The donor must first get up a formal agreement for the fund, said a spokesman. The agreement is expected to be ready by Monday, which would be followed by consideration by the special session of Congress on Tuesday.

Some stipulated the fund must be used by annual payments from the stock. "The donor was said of the fund," the spokesman said. "The fund will be used to aid in the research of cancer, which would have to be paid for in dollars." The fund would be used to aid in the research of cancer, which would have to be paid for in dollars.







WELL, THE NEWS-PAPERS REALLY WENT TO TOWN ON THE STORY, MICHAEL! BUT I DON'T RATE ALL THIS PRAISE... THE MONEY WASN'T REALLY MINE!

YOU'RE TOO MODEST, LANCE! IT WAS A RIGHT GESTURE BY A RIGHT GUY!

RIN-NG!  
RIN-NG!



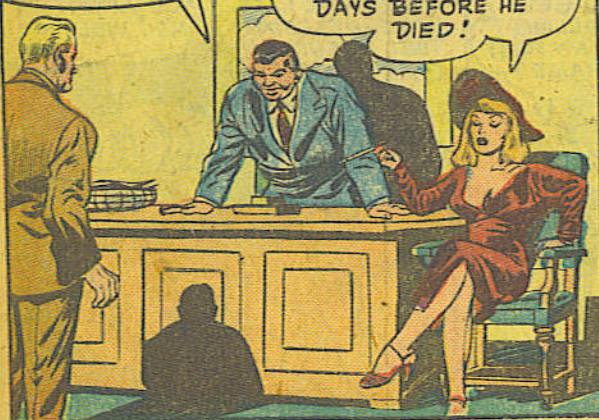
WHY, YES, MR. TRIPKON! I'LL COME RIGHT OVER IF YOU THINK IT'S SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW!

I'LL TAG ALONG, LANCE! NOBODY WILL SEE ME BUT YOU... AND IF IT'S ABOUT THE DARCY MONEY, I'M NATURALLY CONCERNED!



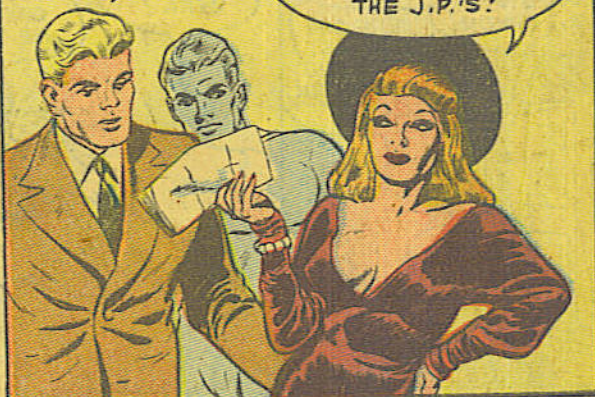
COME IN, MR. GALLANT! I WANT YOU TO MEET THIS LADY, WHO CALLS HERSELF...

I CALL MYSELF VYRA GALLANT... ON ACCOUNT OF I MARRIED YOUR BROTHER MICHAEL JUST A FEW DAYS BEFORE HE DIED!



YOU... MARRIED MICHAEL? BUT... IF THAT WERE TRUE HE'D HAVE TOLD ME!

APPARENTLY HE DIDN'T. BROTHER-IN-LAW. BUT IT'S TRUE! LOOK AT MY MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE! HIS SIGNATURE, MY SIGNATURE, AND THE J.P.'S!



YOU... DO YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR BROTHER'S HANDWRITING? I'M WELL ACQUAINTED WITH JUSTICE SPAFFORD, WHO SIGNED THIS... THIS SIGNATURE LOOKS LIKE HIS, ALL RIGHT!

MICHAEL AND I QUARRELLED AND SEPARATED THE DAY AFTER WE GOT HITCHED! BUT THE WEDDING WAS LEGAL, AND THAT DOUGH YOU WANT TO GIVE AWAY... IT'S MINE!

HMM! THIS HANDWRITING IS VERY LIKE MY BROTHER'S! VERY LIKE, BUT...

IT'S A FORGERY, LANCE... A MASTERLY FORGERY! I NEVER SAW THIS WOMAN DURING ALL MY LIFE ON EARTH. LET ALONE MARRIED HER!





BUT I KNOW SHE NEVER MARRIED MICHAEL! I KNOW, BECAUSE HE...

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW BECAUSE HIS GHOST JUST TOLD YOU I'M A PHONY, HUH? GET UP ON A WITNESS STAND, BROTHER-IN-LAW, AND CONVINCE A JURY!

WHAT THE LADY SAYS IS CORRECT, SIR! YOU WILL HAVE TO BRING PROOF THAT THE MARRIAGE DIDN'T TAKE PLACE, OR I MUST ACCEPT THIS CERTIFICATE! AS A LAWYER, MY DUTY IS TO GO BY THE BEST EVIDENCE!

HE'S RIGHT, LANCE! WHAT THAT WOMAN SAID WAS A SHOT IN THE DARK, BUT IT'S TRUE... YOU CAN'T SHOW SHE'S A FRAUD BY SAYING YOUR DEAD BROTHER TOLD YOU! COME OUTSIDE!



AS ATTORNEY FOR THE ESTATE OF EMMET DARCY, YOU CAN EXPECT A CALL FROM MY LAWYER... TO GET THE DOUGH IN SHAPE FOR ME TO TAKE OVER! GOOD-BYE, MR. TRIPKON!

HERE SHE COMES, LANCE! RUB THE BIRTHMARK, QUICK!

As the self-styled widow leaves, Captain Triumph follows....

WAIT A MOMENT, VYRA!

WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU GET OFF CALLING ME BY MY FIRST NAME?

I'M CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! AND I CALL YOU BY YOUR FIRST NAME BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW YOUR LAST NAME... EXCEPT THAT IT ISN'T GALLANT!

OH, A SMART GUY, EH? I SUPPOSE MY BROTHER-IN-LAW SENT YOU AFTER ME! WELL...

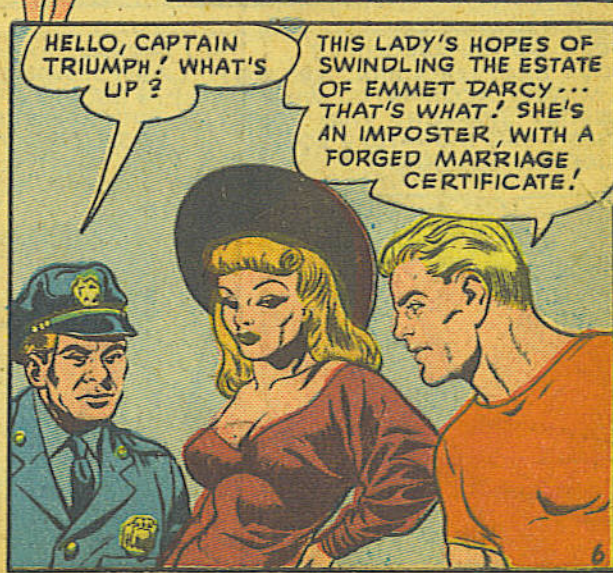


... STOP FOLLOWING ME OR I'LL CALL THAT COP!

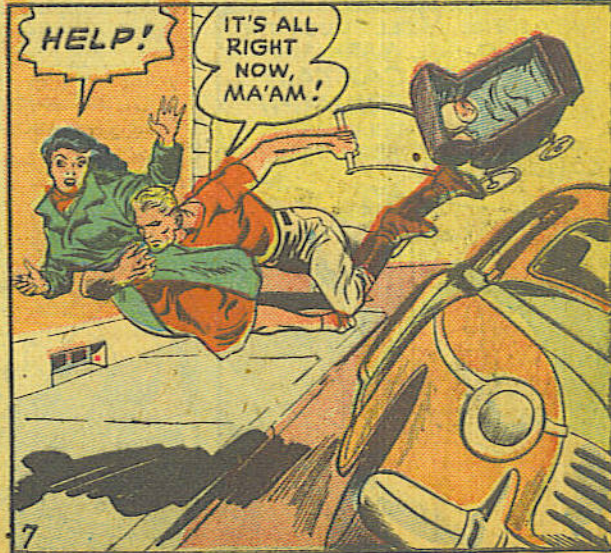
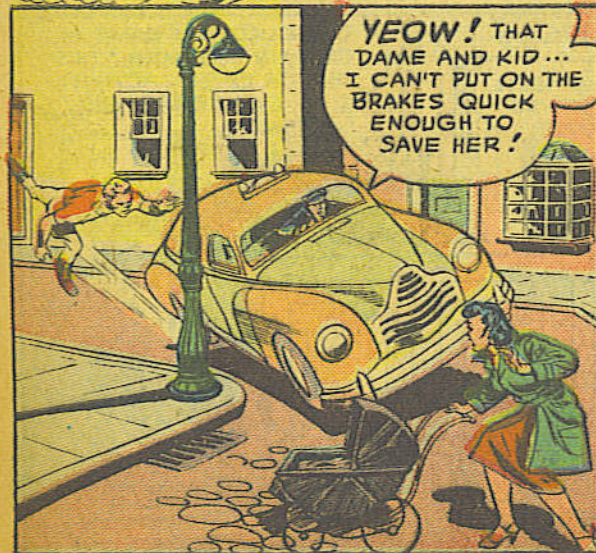
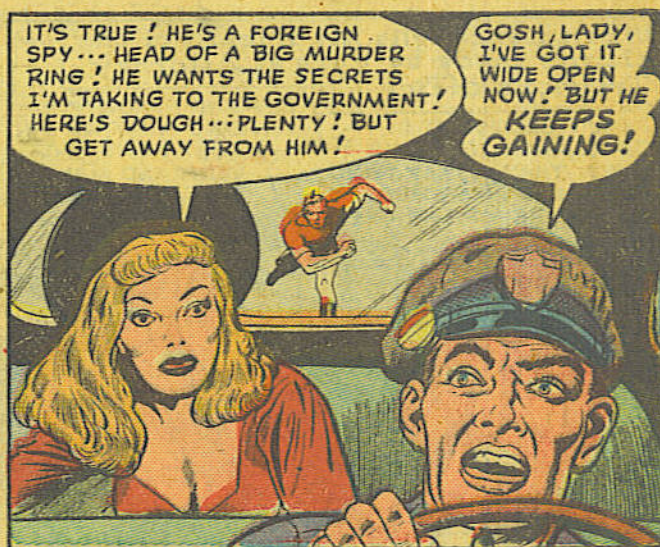
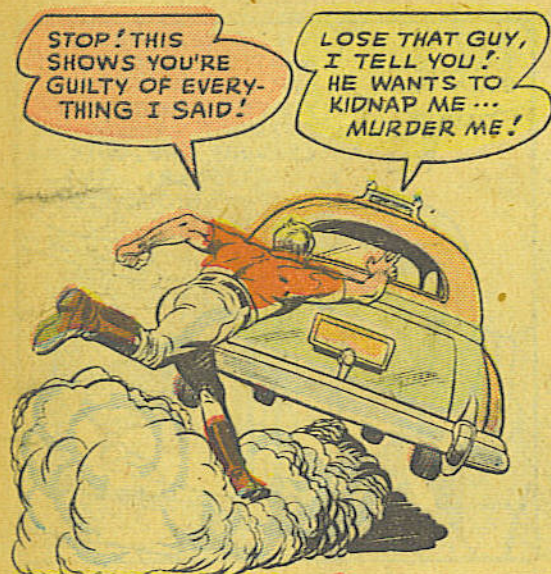
A GOOD IDEA! OFFICER, WILL YOU COME HERE?

HELLO, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! WHAT'S UP?

THIS LADY'S HOPES OF SWINDLING THE ESTATE OF EMMET DARCY... THAT'S WHAT! SHE'S AN IMPOSTER, WITH A FORGED MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE!











I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT... AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

THEN DON'T TRY! I WAS GLAD TO HELP! BUT I'VE LOST SIGHT OF THE TAXI I WAS FOLLOWING!



I'LL COMB THE CITY UNSEEN, LANCE!

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME, MICHAEL! I'LL GET KIM AND BIFF...THE FOUR OF US CAN COVER A LOT OF TERRITORY!



When Lance tells his friends of the claims made by Vyra at Attorney Triphon's office...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! BIFF, LANCE, YOU BOTH KNEW THAT...THAT MICHAEL AND I HAD INTENDED TO MARRY BEFORE HE...HE...

BIFF AND I KNOW IT, KIM! WHAT WE MUST DO IS FIND VYRA AND MAKE HER ADMIT SHE'S A PHONY!



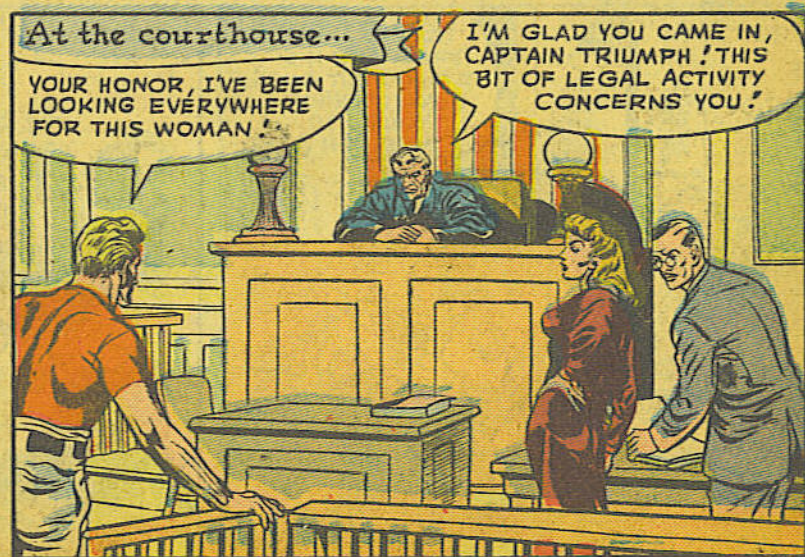
MICHAEL! HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

YES! I REMEMBERED WHAT SHE SAID ABOUT HER LAWYER...SO I VISITED OFFICE AFTER OFFICE! I FOUND HER LEAVING ONE, WITH AN ATTORNEY NAMED BIGGOTTS!



THEY WERE GOING TO THE COURTHOUSE TOGETHER!

I'LL TOUCH THE MARK AND CAPTAIN TRIUMPH WILL MEET HER THERE!



At the courthouse...

YOUR HONOR, I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR THIS WOMAN!

I'M GLAD YOU CAME IN, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! THIS BIT OF LEGAL ACTIVITY CONCERNS YOU!



ON MOTION OF ATTORNEY BIGGOTTS, I HAVE JUST ISSUED AN INJUNCTION TO RESTRAIN THE POLICE, LANCE GALLANT AND CAPTAIN TRIUMPH FROM MOLESTING MRS. VYRA GALLANT UNTIL THE DISPOSITION OF THE DARCY FORTUNE IS SETTLED!

MAYBE THIS WAS COMING TO ME, JUDGE! PERHAPS I **DID** ACT HASTILY IN WANTING HER ARRESTED WITHOUT FORMAL CHARGES, BUT...

ACT HASTILY IN WANTING HER ARRESTED WITHOUT FORMAL CHARGES, BUT...



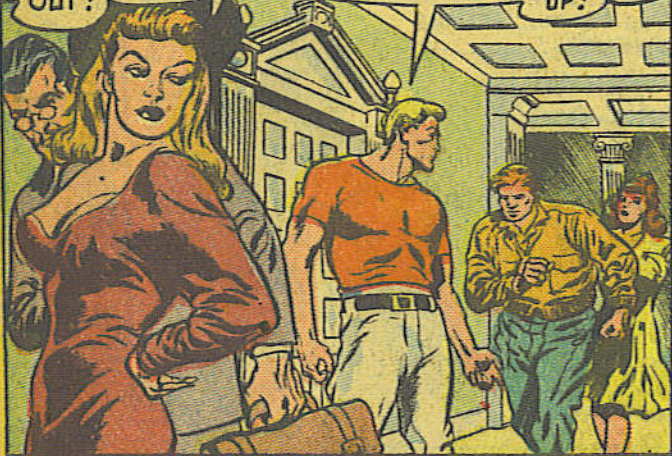
YOUR UNWISE ACTION, AND THE WILLINGNESS OF THE POLICE TO HELP YOU, LEFT ME NO ALTERNATIVE! I RECOGNIZE YOUR GREAT SERVICES TO LAW AND ORDER, BUT IN THIS MATTER YOU MUST RESPECT MY JUDGEMENT AND THE DUE PROCESS OF JUSTICE... OR I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE OUR MINDS ABOUT HOW FRIENDLY YOU ARE TO THE RIGHT PEOPLE!

I ACCEPT THAT DECISION, YOUR HONOR... FOR THE TIME BEING!



SO LONG, BUSTER! COME SEE ME SOME TIME... WHEN I'M OUT!

THANK HEAVEN YOU TWO FOLLOWED ME HERE! WE'VE BEEN **REALLY** SLOWED UP!



When Captain Triumph explains the injunction to Biff and Kim...

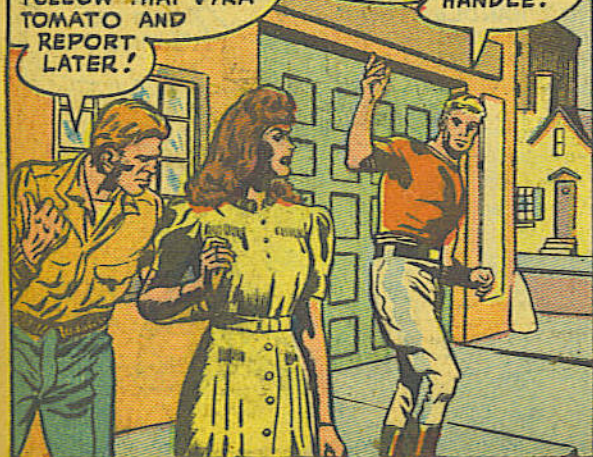
I KNOW THAT NO POLICE OR COURTS COULD STOP YOU IF YOU WANTED TO DISOBEY, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! BUT YOU HAVE AN EXAMPLE TO SET!

RIGHT, KIM! I MUST OBEY PROPER LAW AND LEGAL DECISIONS, OR I'LL JUST SPOIL MY YEARS OF WORK, TRYING TO MAKE ALL MEN RESPECT RIGHT AND JUSTICE!



KIM AND I WEREN'T TOLD TO LAY OFF BY ANY JUDGE! WE'LL FOLLOW THAT VYRA TOMATO AND REPORT LATER!

SWELL, BIFF! BUT LOOK OUT... SHE MAY BE TOUGH TO HANDLE!



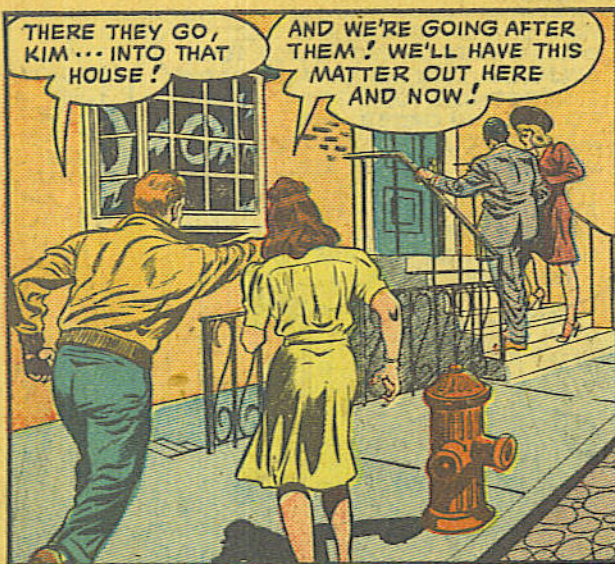
Left alone, Captain Triumph touches the magic mark once more...

I'M NOT MENTIONED BY THE INJUNCTION, EITHER! I THINK I KNOW SOMETHING I CAN DO ABOUT ALL THIS!

GOOD ENOUGH! BUT ALL I SEEM TO BE ABLE TO DO IS **WAIT!**

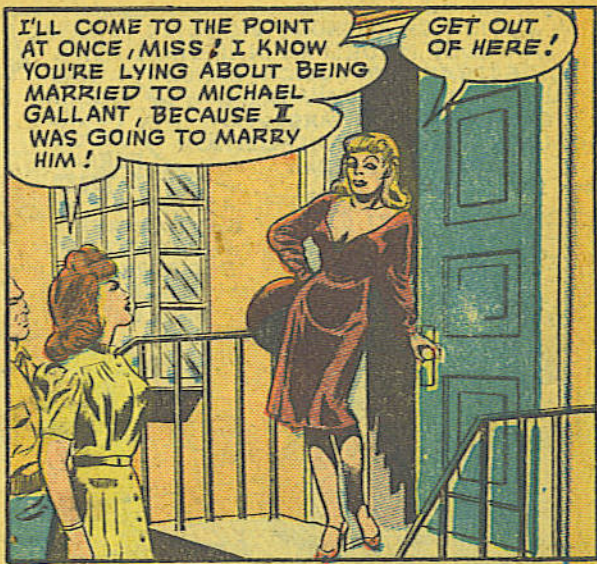






THERE THEY GO, KIM... INTO THAT HOUSE!

AND WE'RE GOING AFTER THEM! WE'LL HAVE THIS MATTER OUT HERE AND NOW!



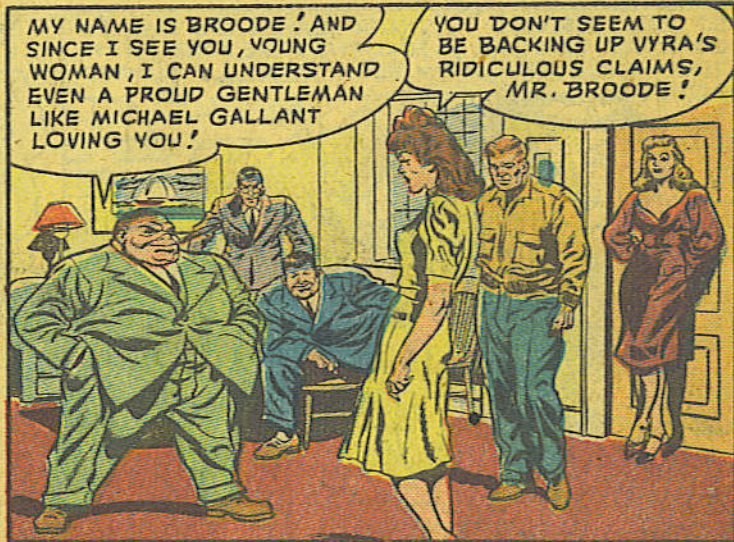
I'LL COME TO THE POINT AT ONCE, MISS! I KNOW YOU'RE LYING ABOUT BEING MARRIED TO MICHAEL GALLANT, BECAUSE I WAS GOING TO MARRY HIM!

GET OUT OF HERE!



I'VE THE LAW ON MY SIDE! I'LL HAVE YOU AND THAT PLUG-UGLY WITH YOU THROWN OUT!

THINK AGAIN, VYRA, MY DEAR! IF THE YOUNG LADY CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN ON SUCH GOOD TERMS WITH MICHAEL, ASK HER TO COME IN!



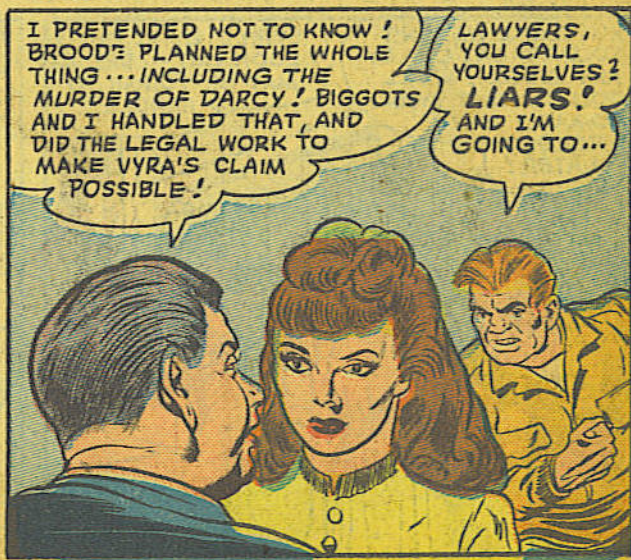
MY NAME IS BROODE! AND SINCE I SEE YOU, YOUNG WOMAN, I CAN UNDERSTAND EVEN A PROUD GENTLEMAN LIKE MICHAEL GALLANT LOVING YOU!

YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE BACKING UP VYRA'S RIDICULOUS CLAIMS, MR. BROODE!



NO NEED TO PRETEND WITH YOU! BUT WITH THE COURTS I'VE WORKED HARD FOR VYRA! YOU'VE HEARD OF THESE LEGAL GENTLEMEN... MR. BIGGOTS AND MR. TRIPKON!

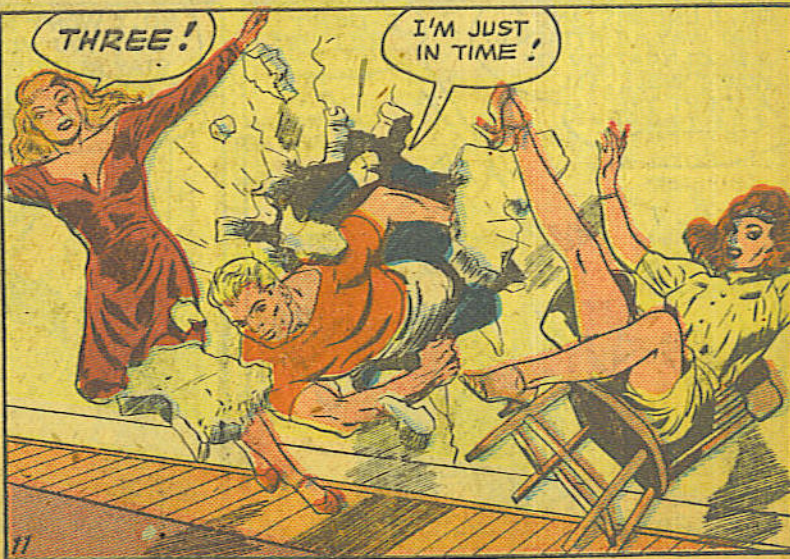
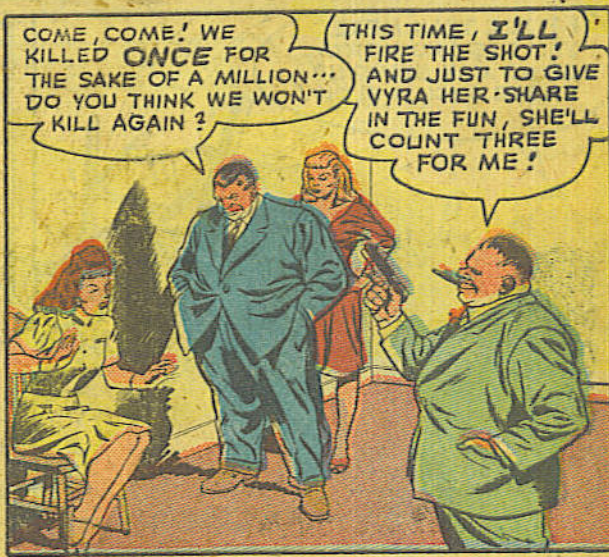
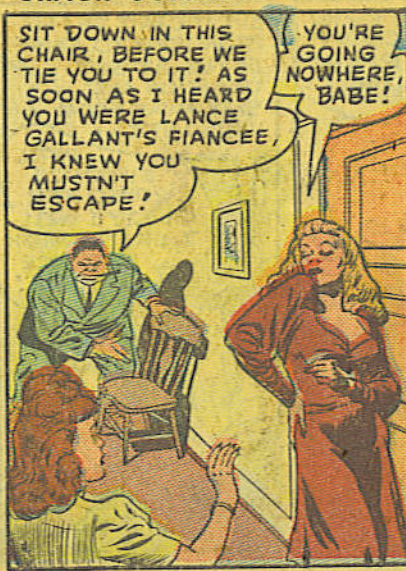
MR. TRIPKON! BUT HE WAS THE LAWYER FOR THE DARCY ESTATE! HE OFFERED IT TO LANCE, AS MICHAEL'S SURVIVING BROTHER! HE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS PLOT!



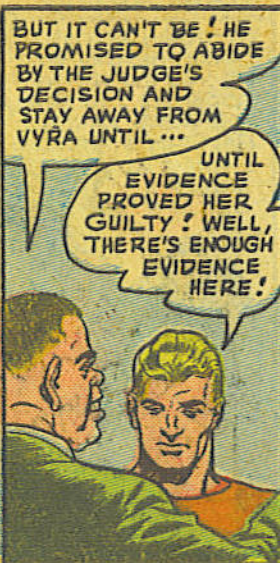
I PRETENDED NOT TO KNOW! BROODE PLANNED THE WHOLE THING... INCLUDING THE MURDER OF DARCY! BIGGOTS AND I HANDLED THAT, AND DID THE LEGAL WORK TO MAKE VYRA'S CLAIM POSSIBLE!

LAWYERS, YOU CALL YOURSELVES? LIARS! AND I'M GOING TO...











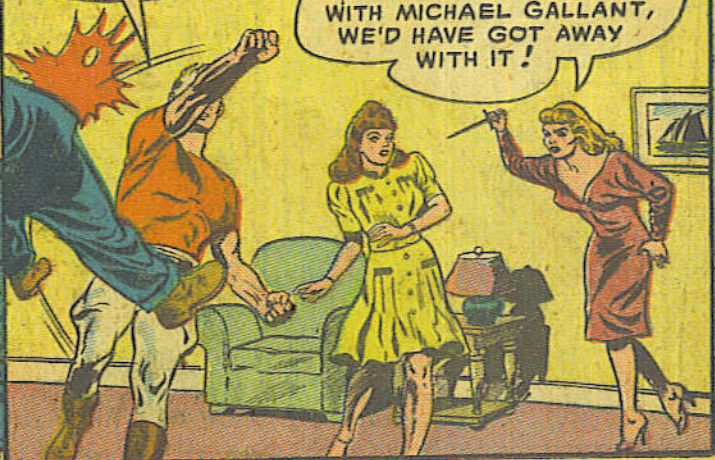
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED THAT, TRIPKON! THAT WEAPON WAS A TRIUMPH OF THE SWORDSMITH'S ART... BEAUTIFULLY TEMPERED METAL... MUST HAVE BEEN WORTH PLENTY!

I GIVE UP!



GIVE UP? WHY NOT? IT'S MORE RESTFUL!

I'M FINISHING YOU, AT LEAST! IF YOU HADN'T BOBBED UP WITH THAT STORY ABOUT A ROMANCE WITH MICHAEL GALLANT, WE'D HAVE GOT AWAY WITH IT!



NO YOU DON'T!

LET GO OF MY WRIST!



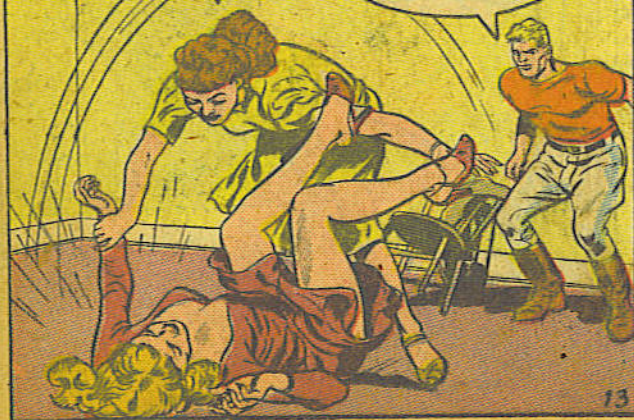
SORRY IT'S NECESSARY TO DESTROY SO MUCH GOOD CUTLERY!

STAY OUT OF THIS, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! SHE STARTED IT... I'LL FINISH IT!



I LEARNED THIS TRICK BY WATCHING YOU AT WORK!

AND YOU SHOULD GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS! SHE'S OUT COLD, LIKE THE OTHERS!



NOW, WHERE'S THE LAST OF THE BUNCH... THAT CLOSE-COUPLED, SNEERING SPORTS-MAN?

BROODE? HE DRAGGED BIFF OUT THAT DOOR AND LOCKED IT BEHIND HIM! GO RESCUE BIFF!





SURELY BROODE  
DIDN'T THINK THIS  
DOOR COULD  
STOP ME!

NO, CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH! BUT  
YOU CAN BE  
STOPPED! LOOK!



UHHH...  
WHAT A  
KLUNK ON  
THE HEAD!

DON'T MOVE, OR  
I'LL BLOW OUT  
YOUR FRIEND'S  
BRAINS! HE'S  
NOT INVULNERABLE  
TO GUNS! LET'S  
TALK!



YOU AND I ARE  
PRACTICAL MEN,  
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!  
LET'S MAKE A  
DEAL! ALLOW ME  
TO ESCAPE, AND  
I'LL DROP THIS  
DARCY SWINDLE  
AND STAY OUT  
OF YOUR WAY  
FOREVER!

BEING AS  
PRACTICAL  
AS YOU  
CLAIM TO  
BE, I  
KNOW  
YOU'D DO  
JUST THAT...  
STAY OUT  
OF MY WAY!  
BUT WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
WAY OF  
OTHERS?



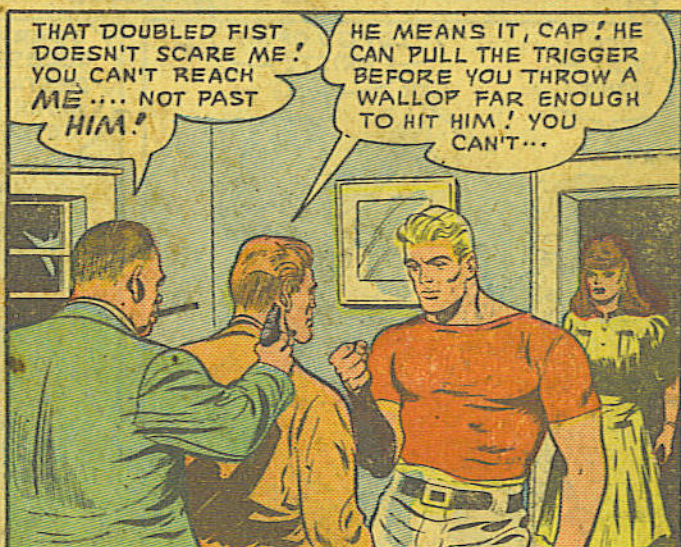
YOU DON'T KNOW OF  
ANY WAY TO LIVE -  
EXCEPT BY FORGING,  
CHEATING, ROBBING!  
I CAN HARDLY  
AGREE TO THAT!

BUT IF YOU DON'T,  
I KILL YOUR  
POOR PARTNER  
HERE! NO USE  
SIDLING CLOSER...  
HE'S BETWEEN  
YOU AND  
ME!

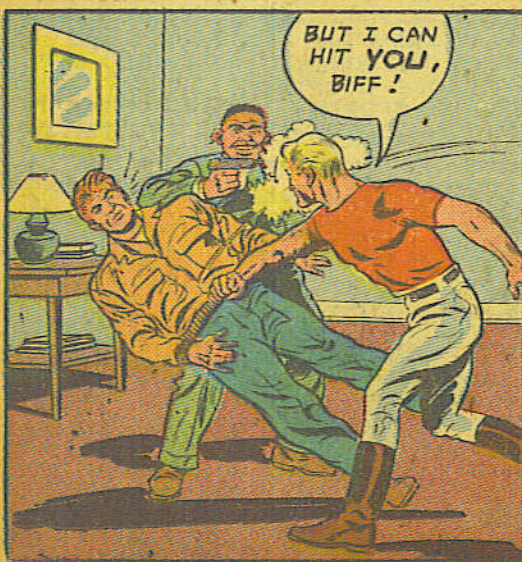


THAT DOUBLED FIST  
DOESN'T SCARE ME!  
YOU CAN'T REACH  
ME... NOT PAST  
HIM!

HE MEANS IT, CAP! HE  
CAN PULL THE TRIGGER  
BEFORE YOU THROW A  
WALLOP FAR ENOUGH  
TO HIT HIM! YOU  
CAN'T...



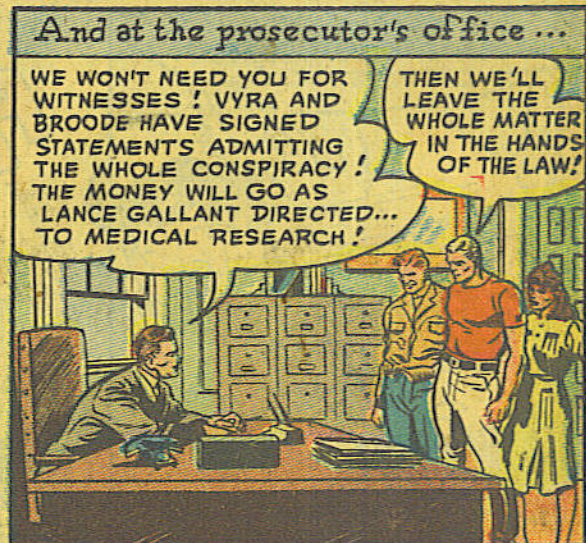
BUT I CAN  
HIT YOU,  
BIFF!



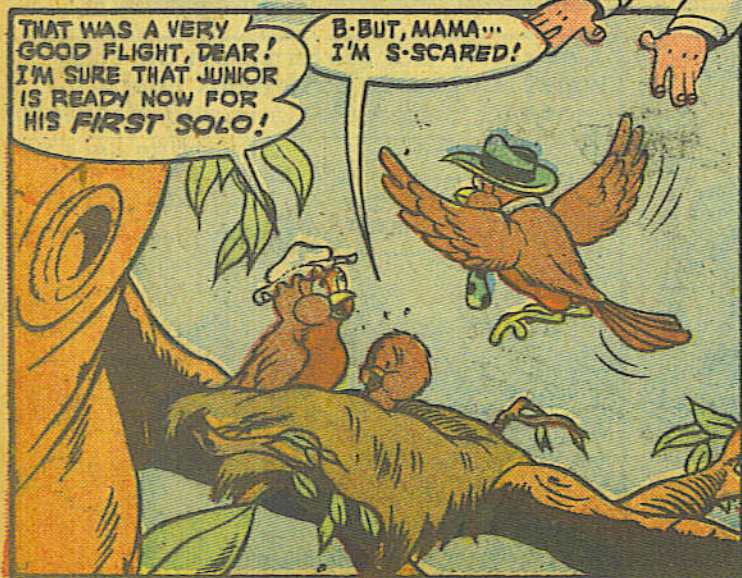
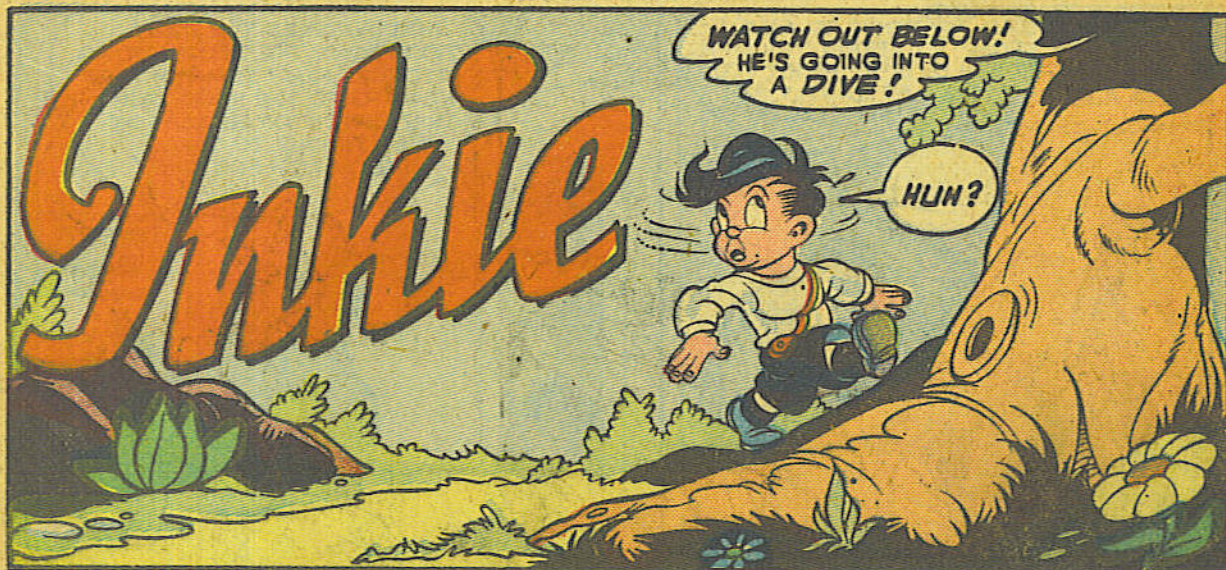
I HAD TO STRIKE MY  
FRIEND TO SAVE HIM!  
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!



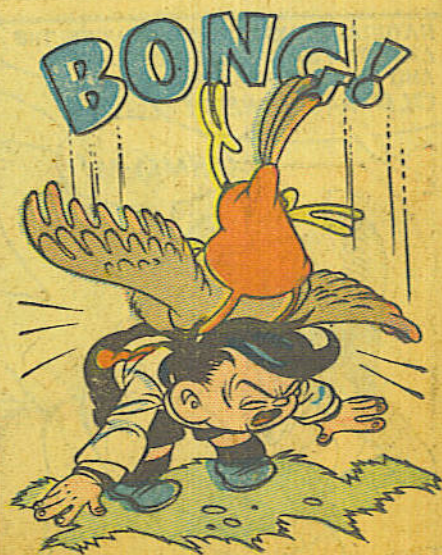
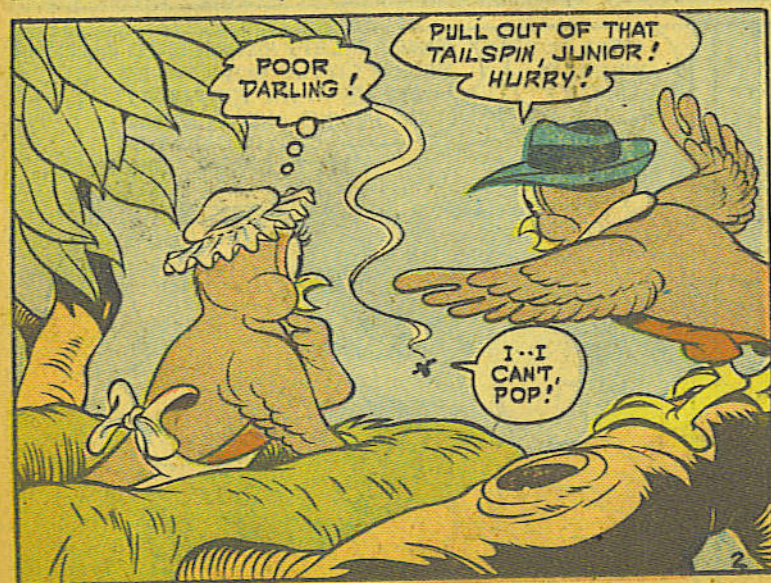
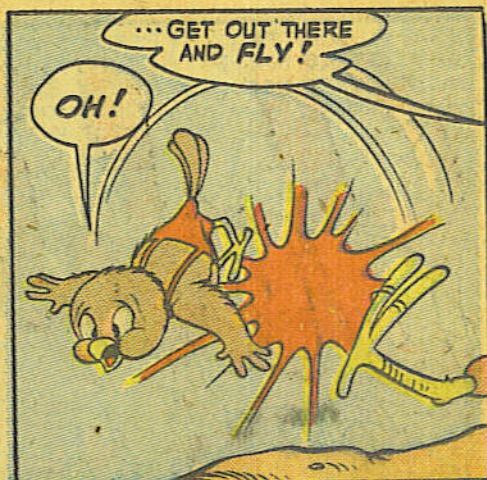
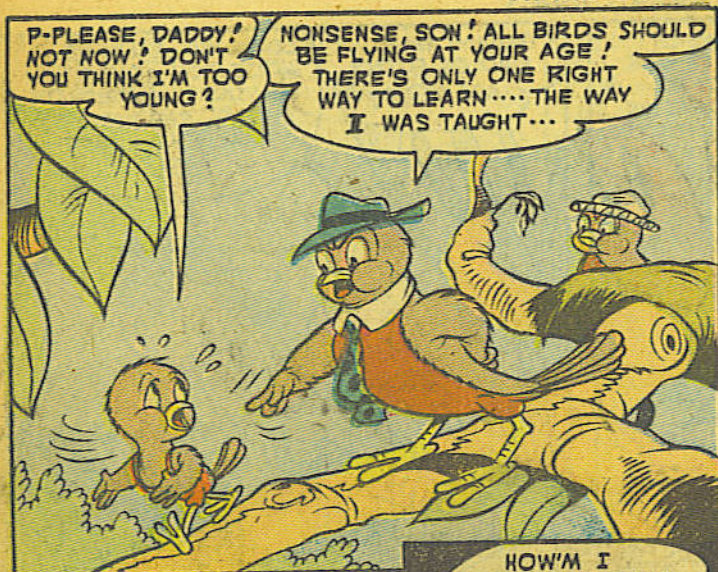




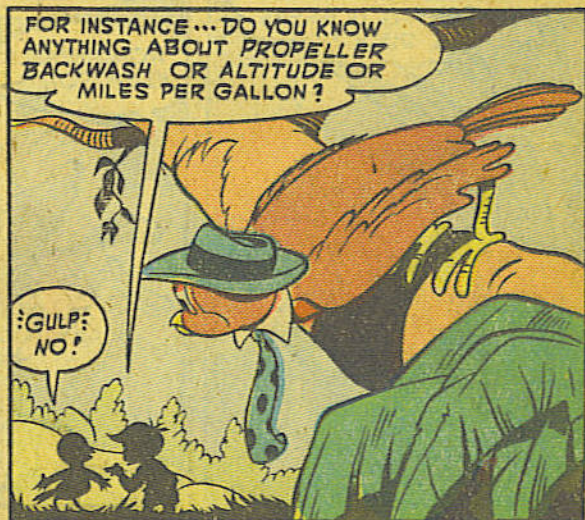
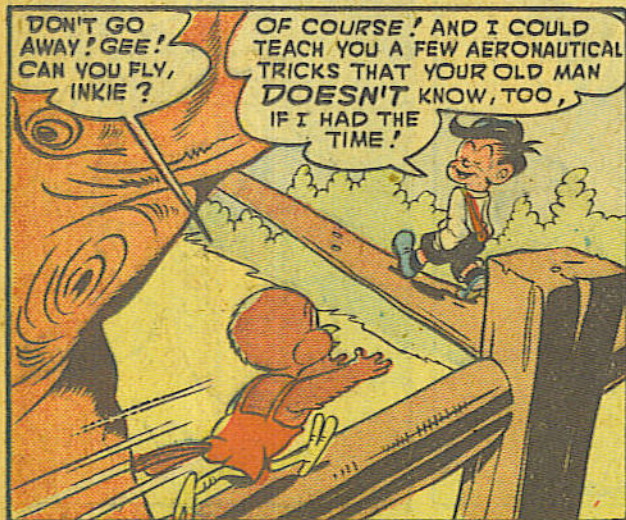
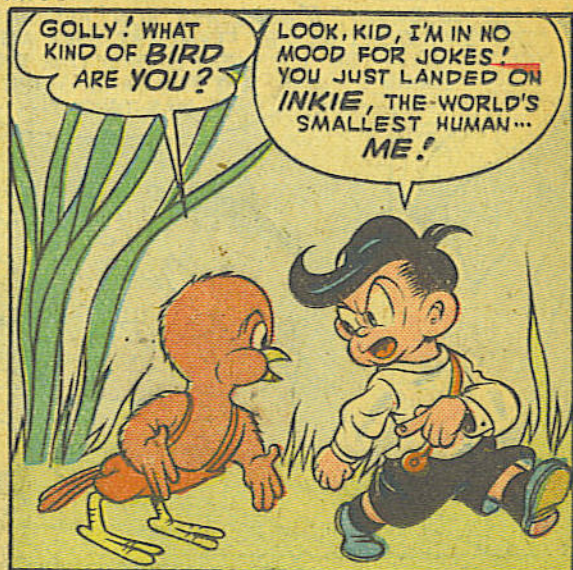
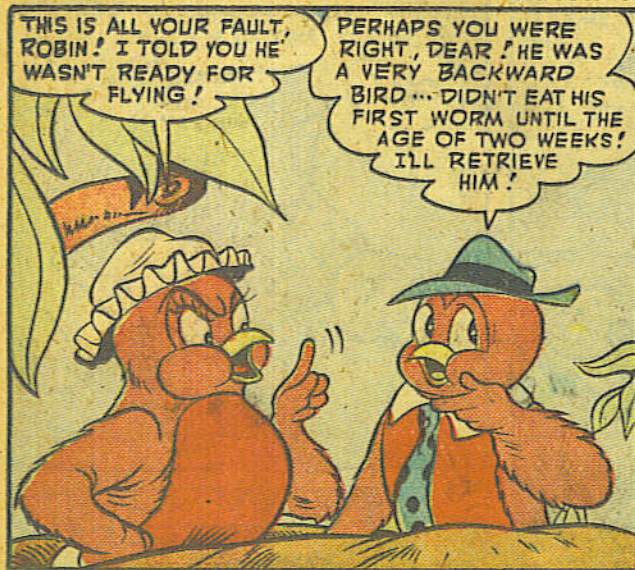




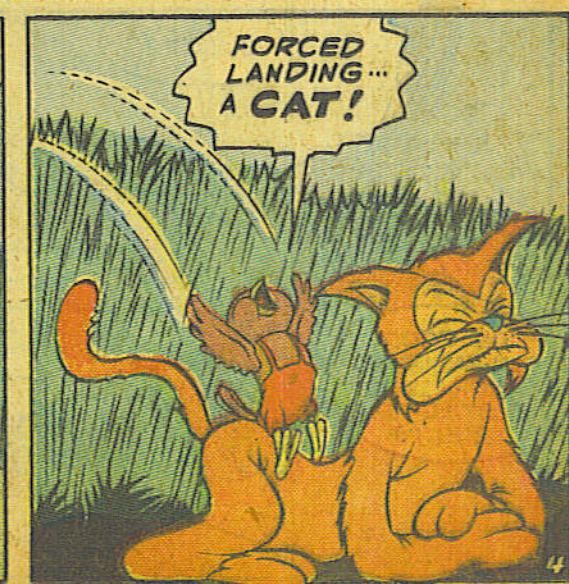
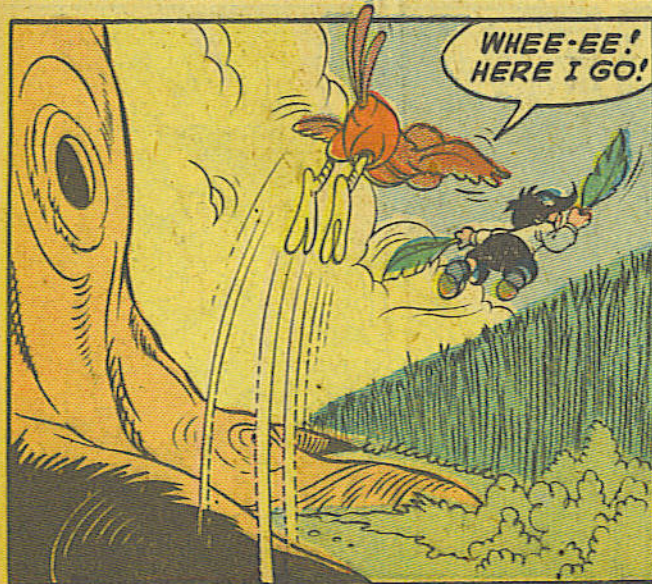
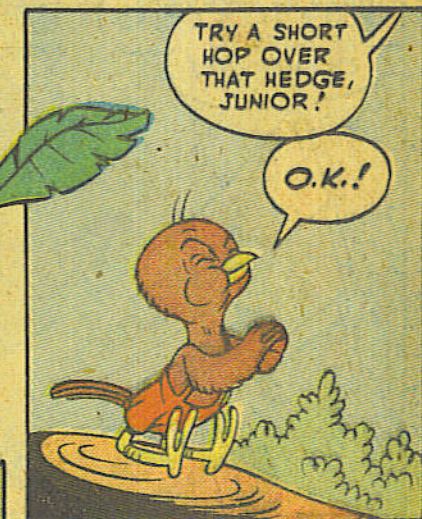
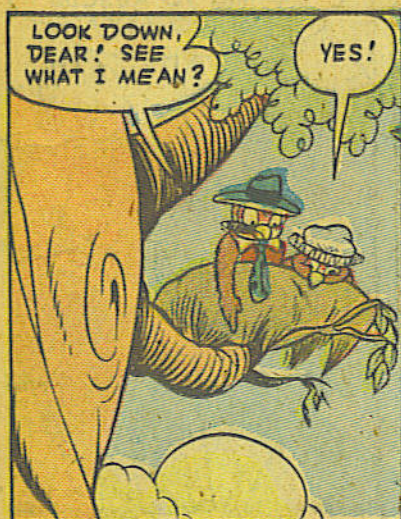




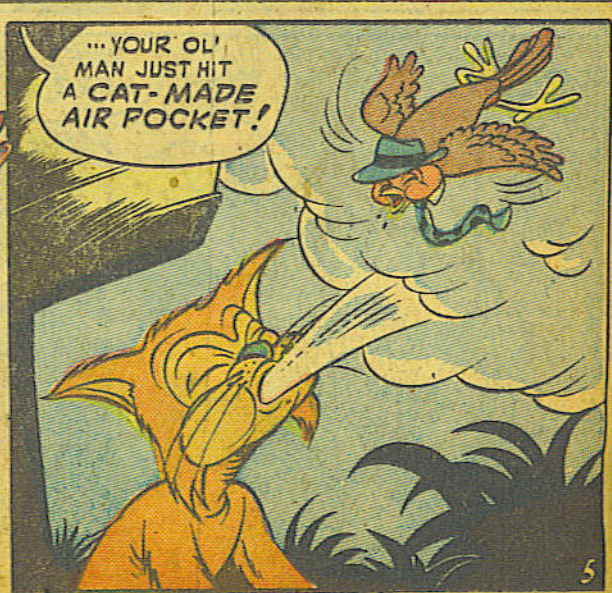
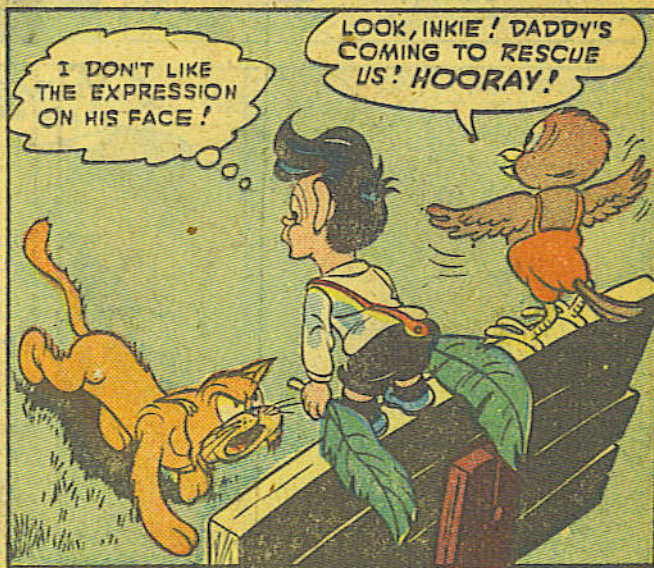
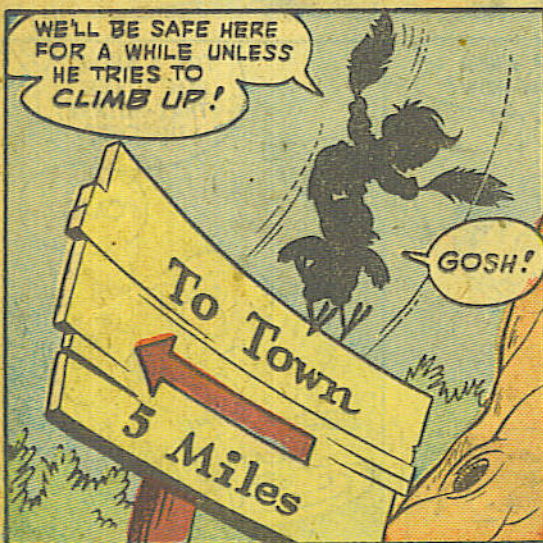
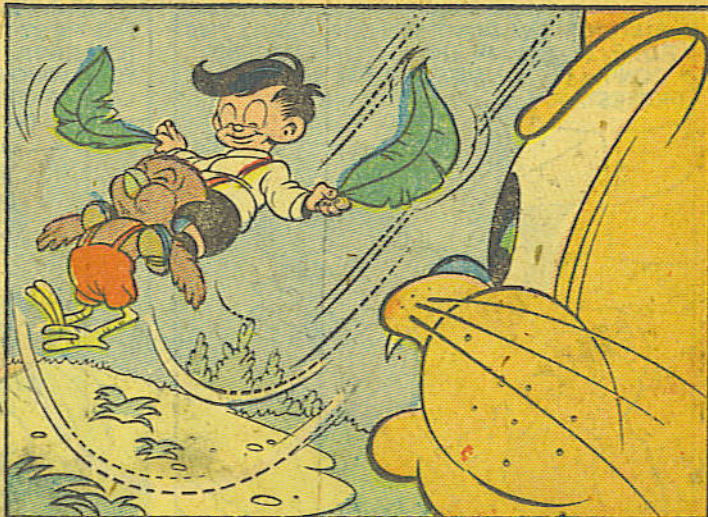




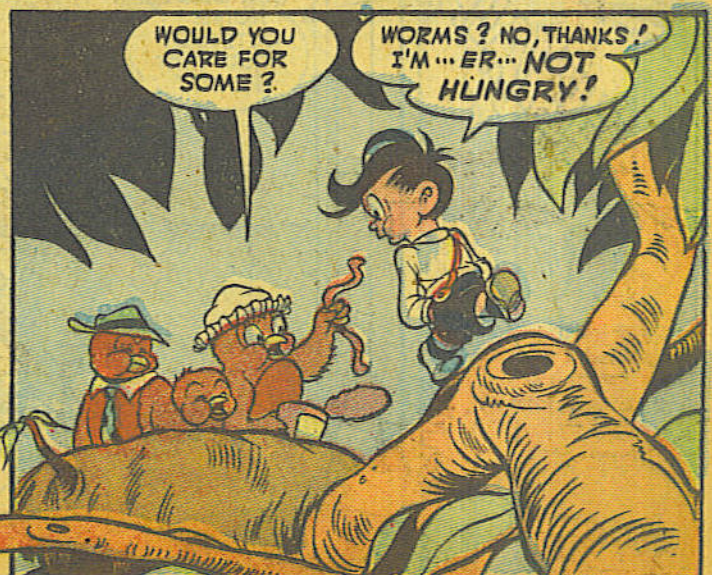
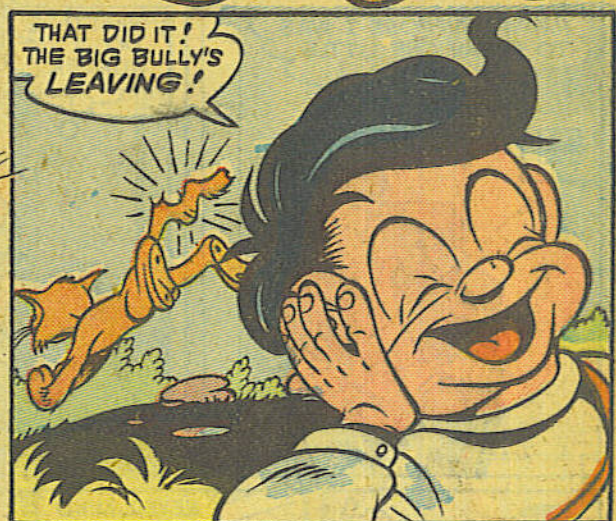
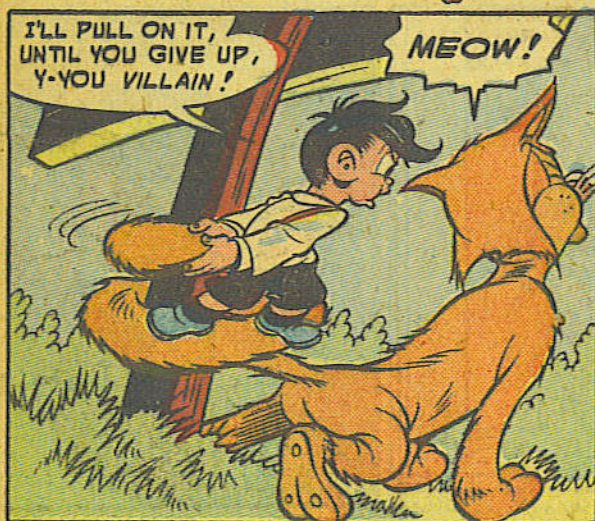
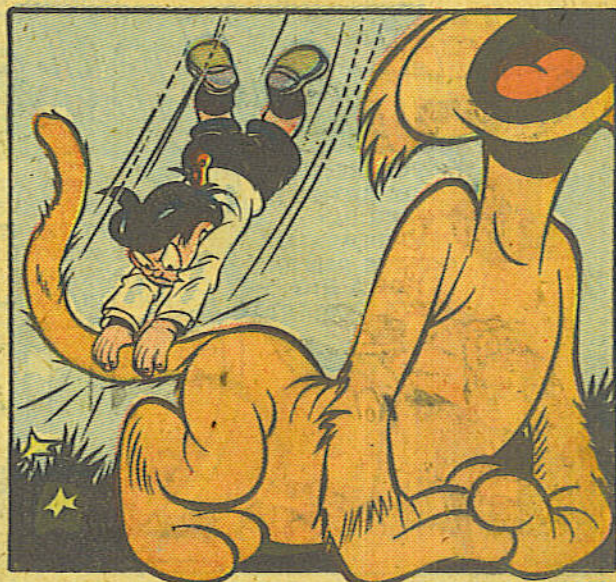














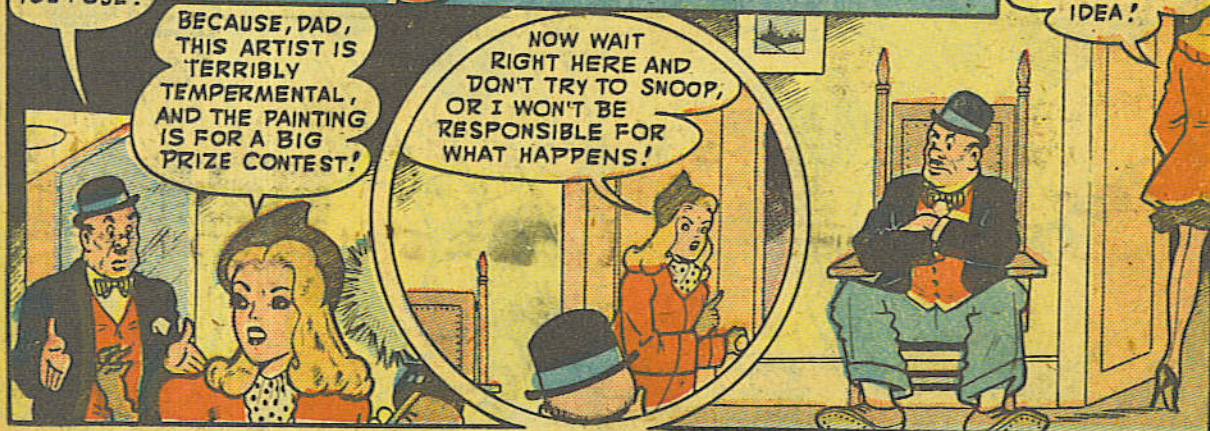
BUT WHY  
CAN'T I  
COME IN  
THE STUDIO  
AND WATCH  
YOU POSE?

# Molly the Model

HE SAYS HE'D  
MURDER  
ANYBODY WHO  
TRIES TO SPY  
ON HIS POSTER  
IDEA!

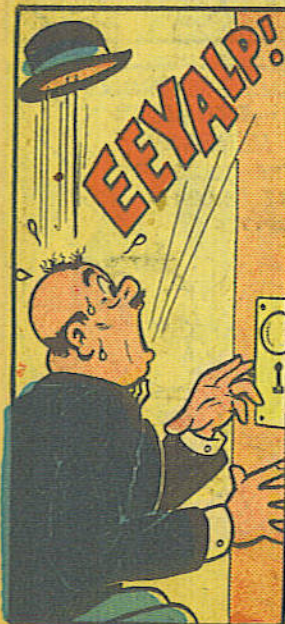
BECAUSE, DAD,  
THIS ARTIST IS  
TERRIBLY  
TEMPERMENTAL,  
AND THE PAINTING  
IS FOR A BIG  
PRIZE CONTEST!

NOW WAIT  
RIGHT HERE AND  
DON'T TRY TO SNOOP,  
OR I WON'T BE  
RESPONSIBLE FOR  
WHAT HAPPENS!

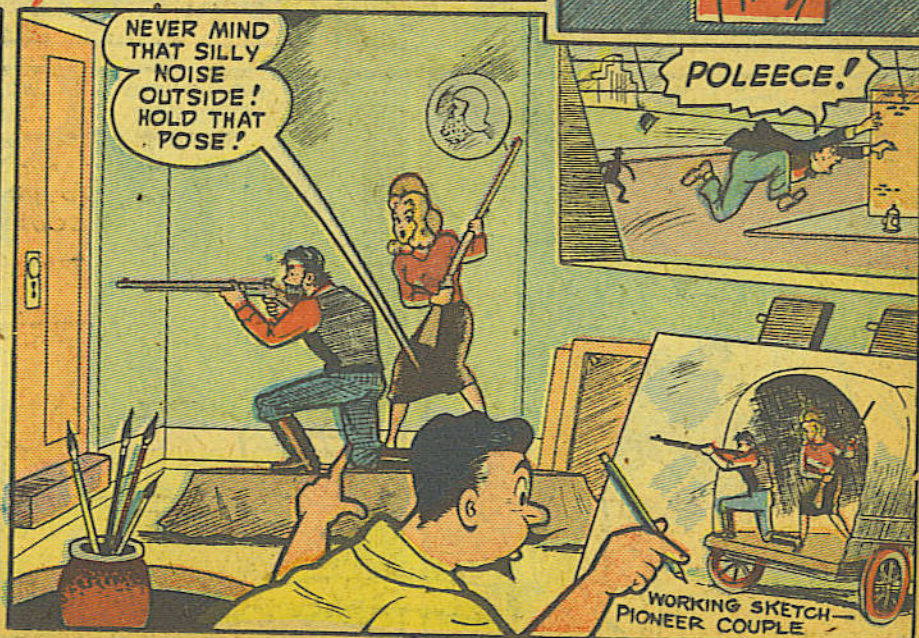


HMPH! SUPPOSE I WAS  
TO SNEAK ONE LITTLE  
PEEK...

WHAT'D HE  
DO, I  
WONDER!



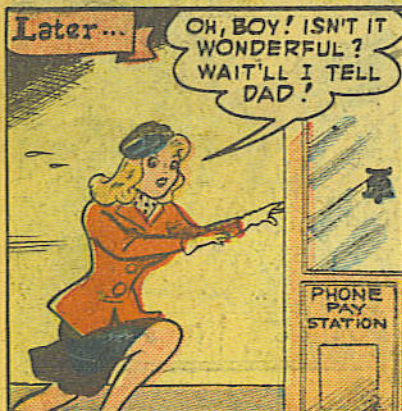
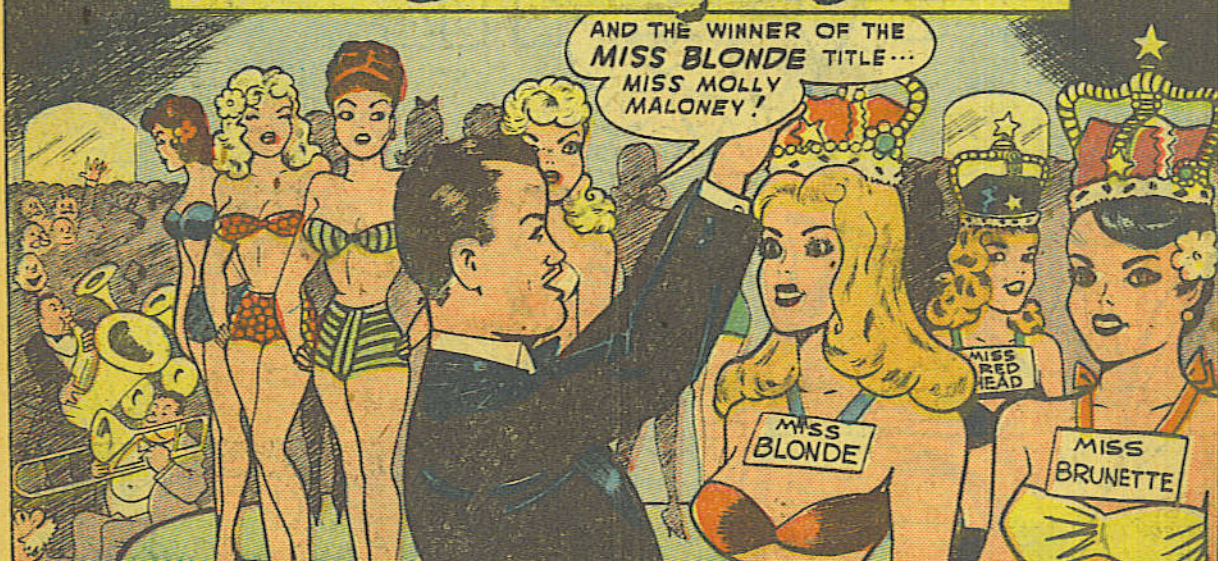
NEVER MIND  
THAT SILLY  
NOISE  
OUTSIDE!  
HOLD THAT  
POSE!



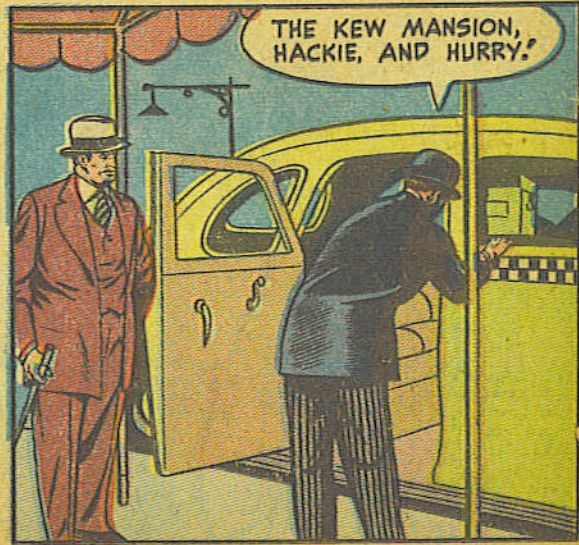
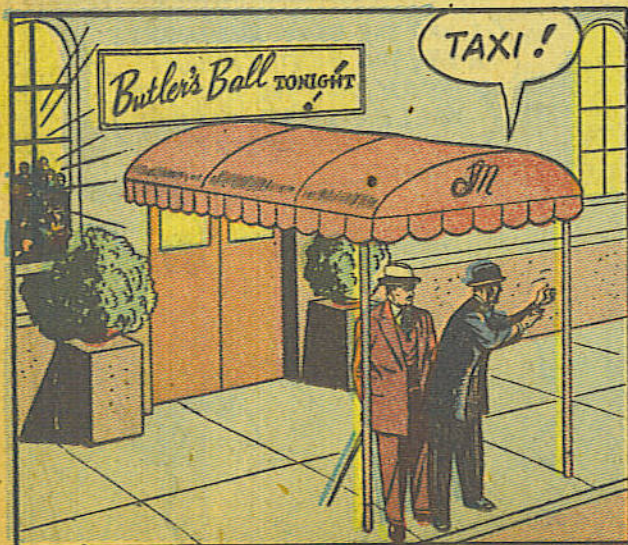
WORKING SKETCH—  
PIONEER COUPLE



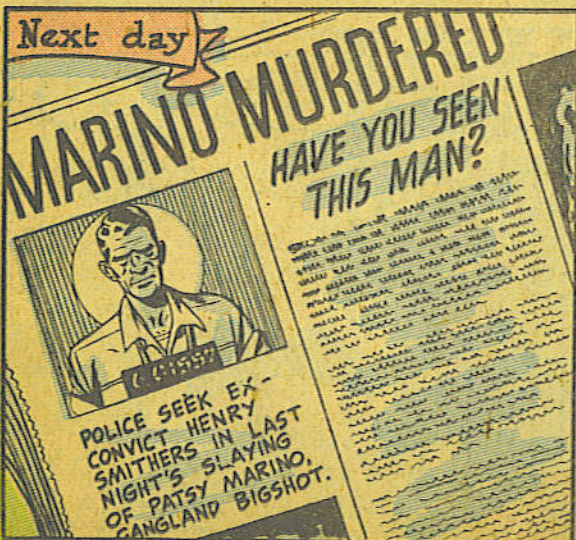
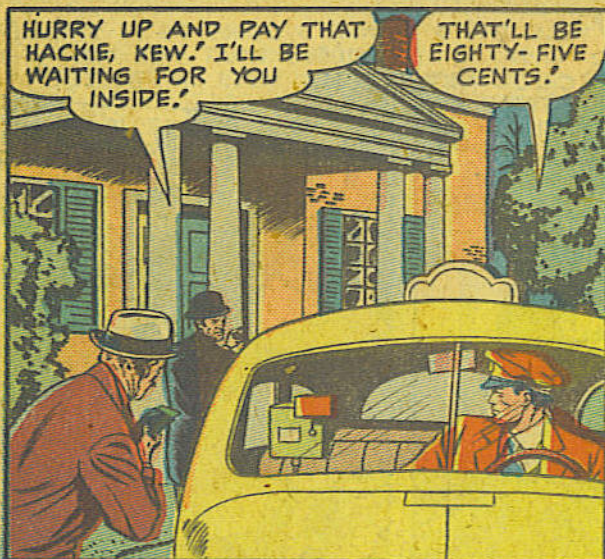
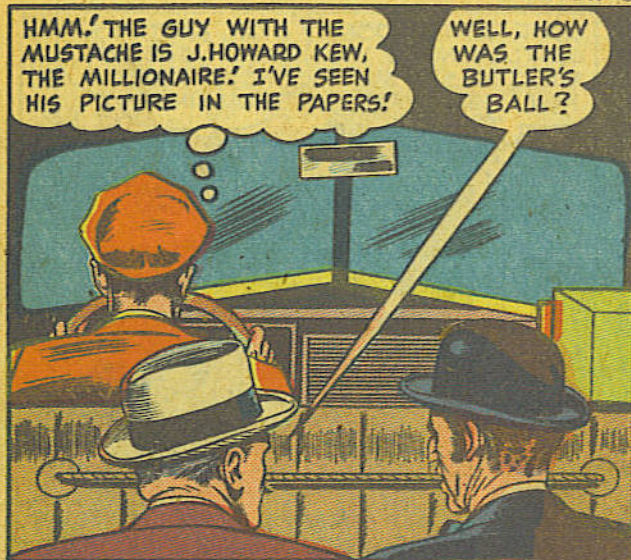
# Molly the Model



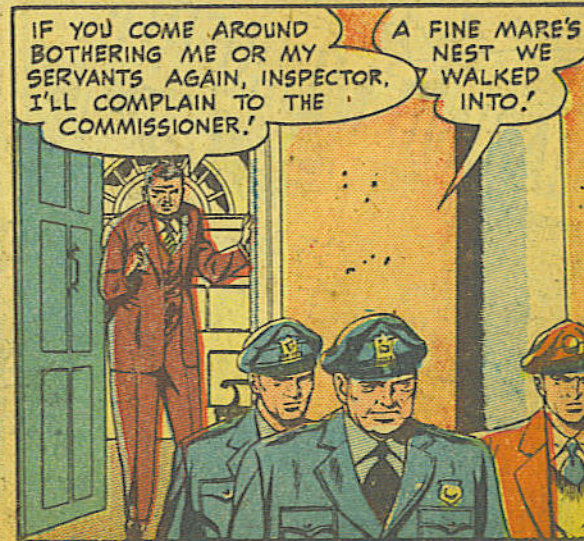






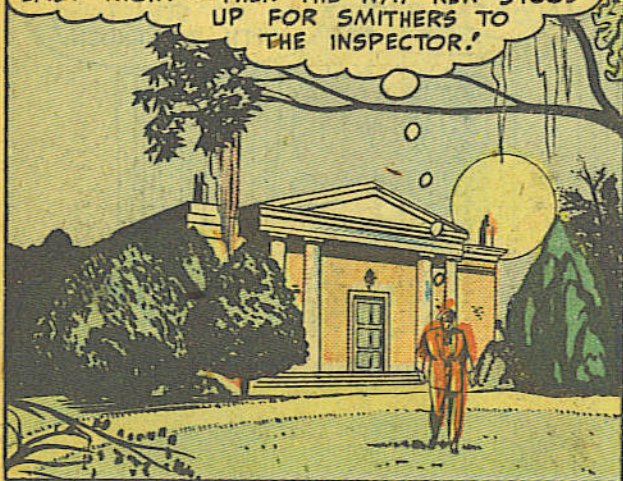








THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS CASE! FIRST THE WAY HE BOSSSED KEW AROUND LAST NIGHT -- THEN THE WAY KEW STOOD UP FOR SMITHERS TO THE INSPECTOR.



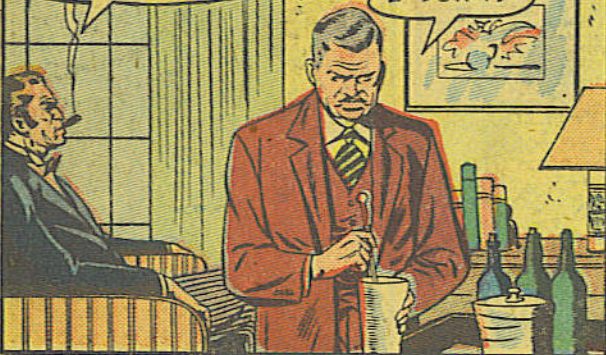
I'M GOING BACK FOR ANOTHER TALK WITH THOSE GENTS. AT LEAST, KEW CAN'T COMPLAIN ABOUT ME TO THE COMMISSIONER.



Meanwhile, inside the Kew mansion--

COME ON, HUSTLE UP THE SERVICE THERE, KEW! AND REMEMBER, I LIKE PLENTY OF ICE IN MY DRINKS!

BLAST YOU! YOU MAY THINK IT'S FUNNY TO HAVE ME WAIT ON YOU LIKE A SERVANT, BUT I DON'T.



YOU SAID THAT AFTER I'D KILLED MARINO FOR YOU THIS BLACKMAIL WOULD STOP! YOU SAID YOU'D TAKE THE MONEY I PROMISED YOU AND GO AWAY!

YEAH, BUT I CHANGED MY MIND! I LIKE HAVING YOU WAIT ON ME, SEE? I GET A KICK OUT OF IT!



AND YOU BETTER DO EVERYTHING I TELL YOU TO! HOW'D YOU LIKE ME TO TURN THOSE PAPERS I'VE GOT OVER TO THE COPS?

WHAT PAPERS, SMITHERS?



I HEARD EVERY WORD YOU TWO SAID! NOW I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU DO A REPEAT PERFORMANCE FOR THE COPS!

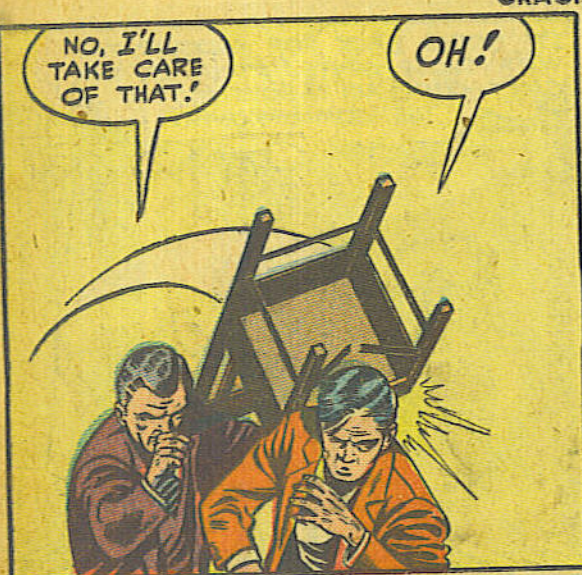
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SNOOPER!



WHO'S GOING TO STOP ME-- YOU?









I OPENED HIS SAFE, ONE NIGHT AND SNITCHED SOME PAPERS -- PAPERS THAT MADE HIM PLAY BALL WITH ME.

I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE PAPERS -- AFTER WE GET KEW UP- STAIRS AND PHONE THE COPS.



HERE ARE THE PAPERS.

GIVE! I WANT TO SEE WHAT COULD MAKE A MAN MURDER ON THE ORDERS OF A RAT LIKE YOU!



WHY, THESE DOCUMENTS SHOW THAT THE **REAL** J. HOWARD KEW DIED TWENTY YEARS AGO. THIS GUY IS AN IMPOSTOR!



A few minutes later...

SO YOU'VE GOT THE GOODS ON THESE TWO, EH, HACK?

WHAT--? POLICE--? I'M SUNK!



YES, I KILLED MARINO! I HAD TO! SMITHERS WOULD HAVE EXPOSED ME WITH THOSE DOCUMENTS! I'D HAVE BEEN RUINED -- SENT TO PRISON!

SAVE THOSE CROCODILE TEARS, KEW.



PRISON IS WHERE YOU AND SMITHERS ARE GOING RIGHT NOW -- WHILE YOU WAIT FOR A DATE WITH THE CHAIR!





Daily ★ Star  
MYSTERIOUS FIRE  
DESTROYS RADIO  
STUDIO!

EVENING HERALD  
ROY PLATTER, NETWORK  
DISC JOCKEY, INJURED!

Daily ★ Crier  
FIRE RAZES STUDIO IN  
MIDST OF PROGRAM!

Daily ★ Ra

# PEN MILLER

YEAH, I SEE THE HEADLINES!  
BUT I DON'T GET THE  
CONNECTION,  
PEN!

HERE, TAKE A LOOK AT MY  
STRIP FOR TOMORROW'S  
BLUE STREAK EDITION...  
IT TIES IN PERFECTLY  
WITH THE STUDIO  
FIRE!

HAVE YOU GONE  
CRAZY, MILLER?  
WE CAN'T PRINT THAT!  
THEY'LL SUE US FOR  
EVERY CENT WE'VE  
GOT! THIS IS  
DYNAMITE!

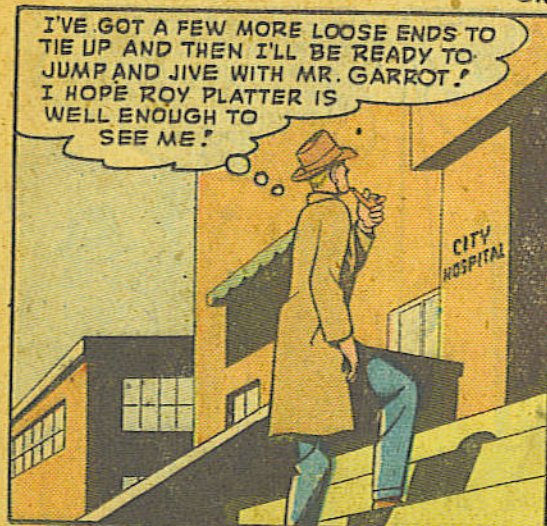
DYNAMITE ISN'T  
THE WORD FOR IT,  
CHIEF! IF MY HUNCH  
IS RIGHT, THE MANU-  
FACTURERS OF WHIRL-  
POOL RECORDS ARE  
HEADED FOR A  
SLEIGH-RIDE!

YOU OUGHT TO READ THE  
FINANCIAL SECTIONS,  
CHIEF! BUGS GARROT'S  
MOB HAS QUIETLY BOUGHT  
UP ALL THE WHIRLPOOL  
STOCK AND IT'S MY GUESS  
THEY'RE BEHIND THIS  
LITTLE HEAT  
WAVE!

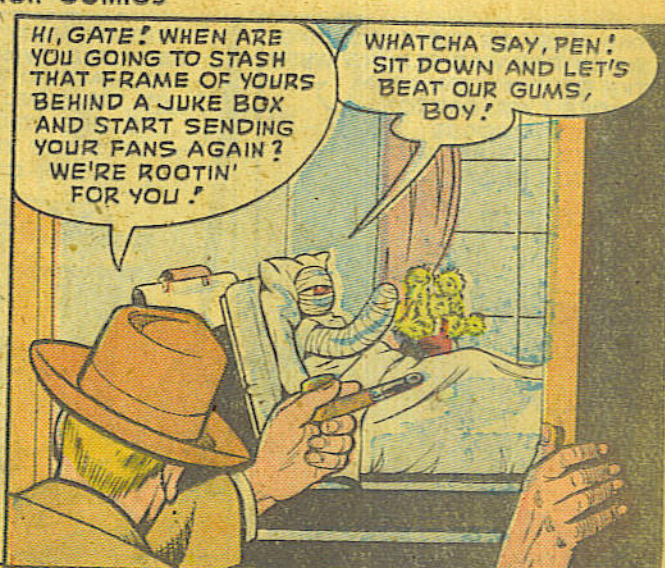
YOUR HUNCH  
BETTER BE  
RIGHT, MILLER!  
MY BLOOD  
PRESSURE  
COULDN'T TAKE  
A LIBEL SHELLACK-  
ING RIGHT NOW!  
I'M TOO OLD...  
MUCH TOO OLD!





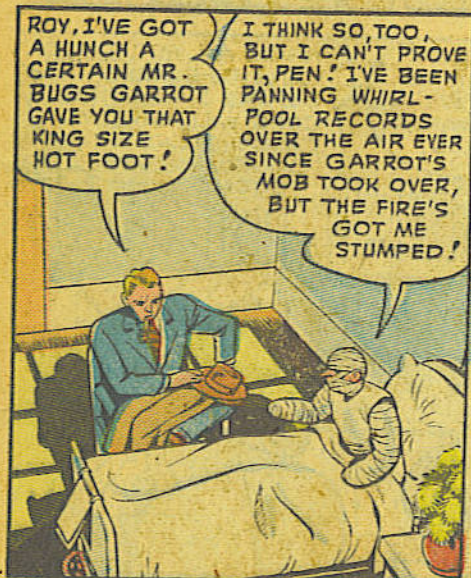


I'VE GOT A FEW MORE LOOSE ENDS TO TIE UP AND THEN I'LL BE READY TO JUMP AND JIVE WITH MR. GARROT! I HOPE ROY PLATTER IS WELL ENOUGH TO SEE ME!



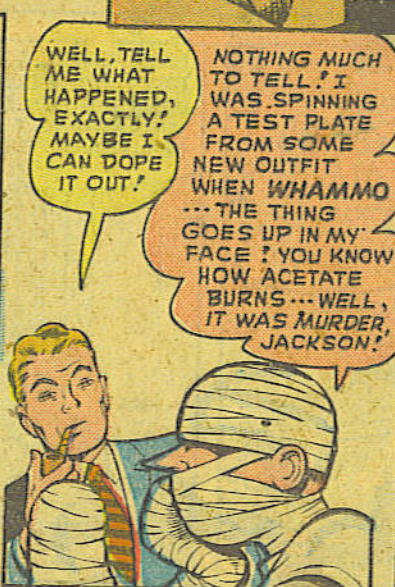
HI, GATE! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO STASH THAT FRAME OF YOURS BEHIND A JUKE BOX AND START SENDING YOUR FANS AGAIN? WE'RE ROOTIN' FOR YOU!

WHATCHA SAY, PEN! SIT DOWN AND LET'S BEAT OUR GUMS, BOY!



ROY, I'VE GOT A HUNCH A CERTAIN MR. BUGS GARROT GAVE YOU THAT KING SIZE HOT FOOT!

I THINK SO, TOO, BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT, PEN! I'VE BEEN PANNING WHIRLPOOL RECORDS OVER THE AIR EVER SINCE GARROT'S MOB TOOK OVER, BUT THE FIRE'S GOT ME STUMPED!



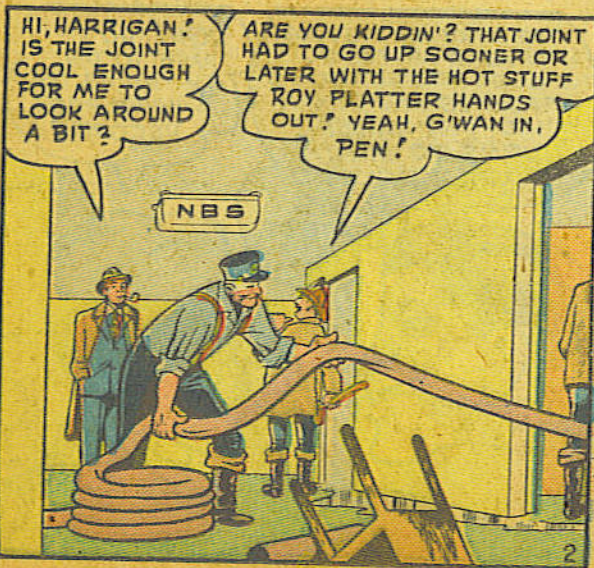
WELL, TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED, EXACTLY! MAYBE I CAN DOPE IT OUT!

NOTHING MUCH TO TELL! I WAS SPINNING A TEST PLATE FROM SOME NEW OUTFIT WHEN WHAMMO --- THE THING GOES UP IN MY FACE! YOU KNOW HOW ACETATE BURNS... WELL, IT WAS MURDER, JACKSON!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, ROY! MY STRIP'S READY TO GO TO PRESS AND BUGS GARROT IS LEAD MAN IN IT! IF I'M WRONG... I'LL SEE YOU IN GLOCCA MORRA!

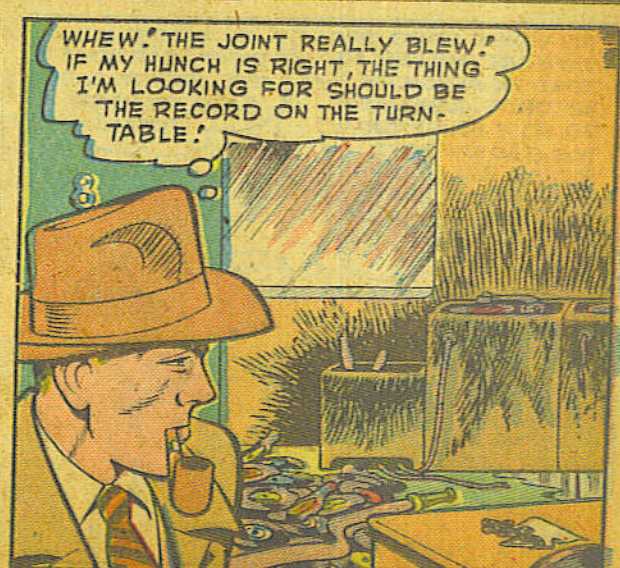


BE SEEING YOU, PEN!



HI, HARRIGAN! IS THE JOINT COOL ENOUGH FOR ME TO LOOK AROUND A BIT?

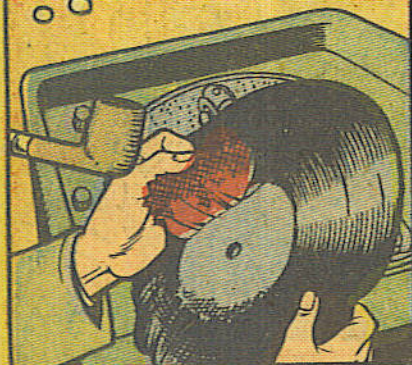
ARE YOU KIDDIN'? THAT JOINT HAD TO GO UP SOONER OR LATER WITH THE HOT STUFF ROY PLATTER HANDS OUT! YEAH, G'WAN IN, PEN!



WHEW! THE JOINT REALLY BLEW! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THE THING I'M LOOKING FOR SHOULD BE THE RECORD ON THE TURN-TABLE!



THIS MUST BE THE RECORDING WHICH ROY WAS PLAYING WHEN THE STUDIO WENT UP IN SMOKE! MR. GARROT, THERE'S A NOOSE TIGHTENING AROUND YOUR NECK!



GARROT MUST HAVE BEEN PLENTY MAD WHEN ROY STARTED TELLING HIS THOUSANDS OF FANS TO GIVE WHIRLPOOL RECORDS THE BRUSH-OFF!

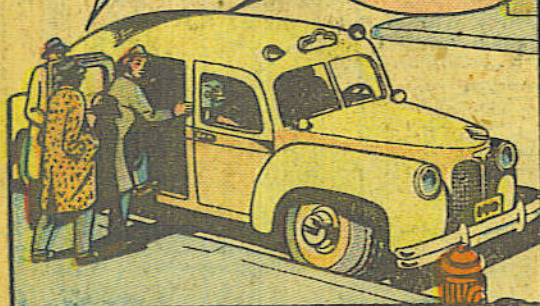


OKAY, SNOOPER! KEEP WALKING AND ACT NATURAL! THERE'S A NOSEY LITTLE .45 LOOKING FOR A SOFT SPOT IN YER RIBS!



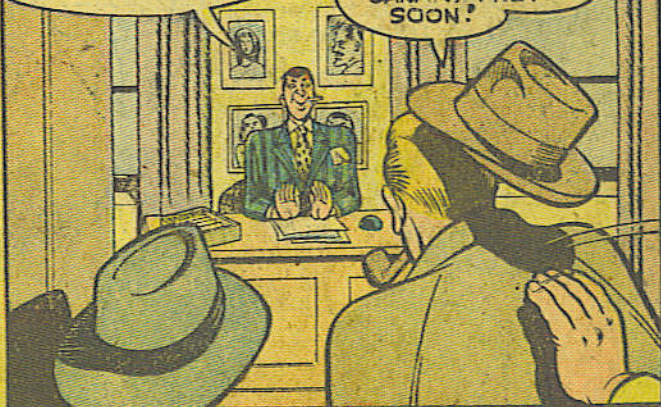
CLIMB IN, HAWKSHAW! WE'RE GOIN' TO A LITTLE JAM SESSION! LOTS OF GOOD MUSIC --- BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR IT!

JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES, EH? OKAY, GIVE ME AN INTRO TO YOUR BOSS, GARROT, AND LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!



EASY, BOYS! I DON'T WANT MR. MILLER TO LOSE HIS VOICE YET! WHO KNOWS? MAYBE HE'LL SING FOR US!

YOU'RE ALL WET, GARROT! YOU'LL BE SINGING BEFORE I WILL! THE COPS WILL HAVE YOU CHIRPING LIKE A CANARY PRETTY SOON!



YOU WON'T NEED THIS ANYMORE, MILLER! I SENT AN ALBUM OF RECORDS JUST LIKE IT TO YOUR HOUSE TODAY! TOO BAD MY BOYS PICKED YOU UP BEFORE YOU COULD HEAR THEM!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GARROT! THE JURY WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THEM!

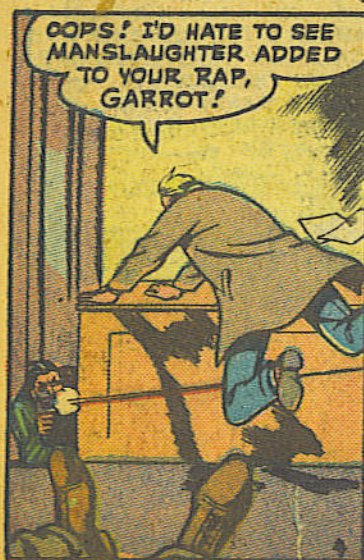
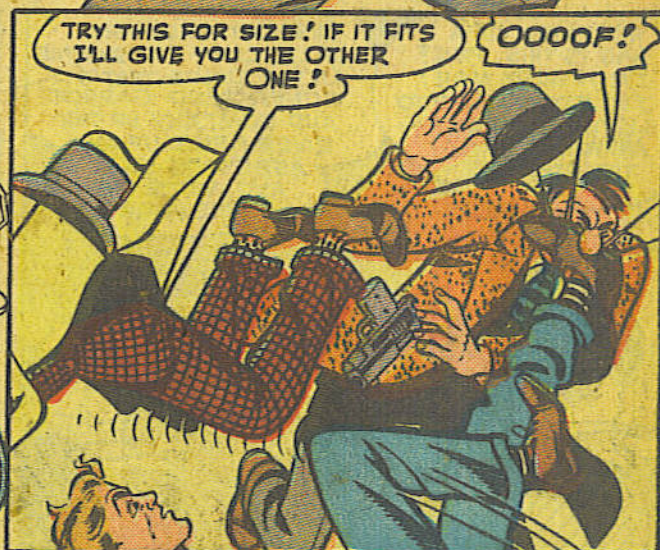
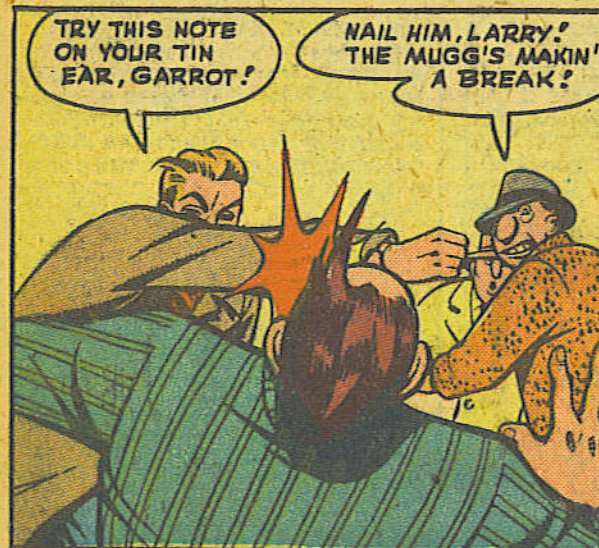


THE JURY ISN'T GOING TO HEAR ANYTHING, MILLER! TOMORROW'S HEADLINES ARE GONNA READ PEN MILLER BURNS TO DEATH WHILE RECORD PLAYS LATEST HIT!

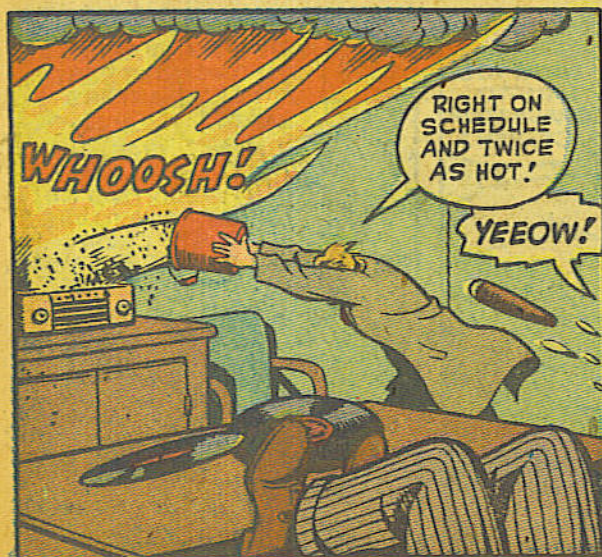
UGH? DO I HAVE TO DIE LISTENING TO A WHIRLPOOL RECORD?





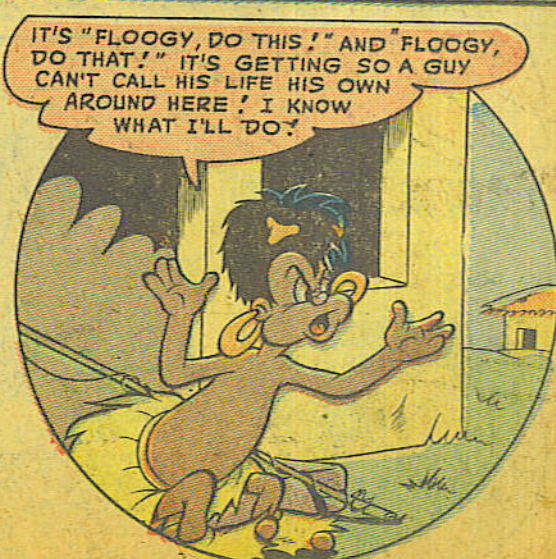
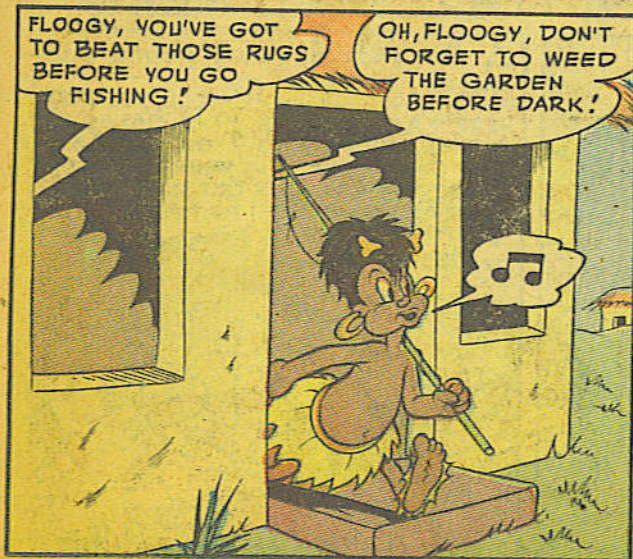
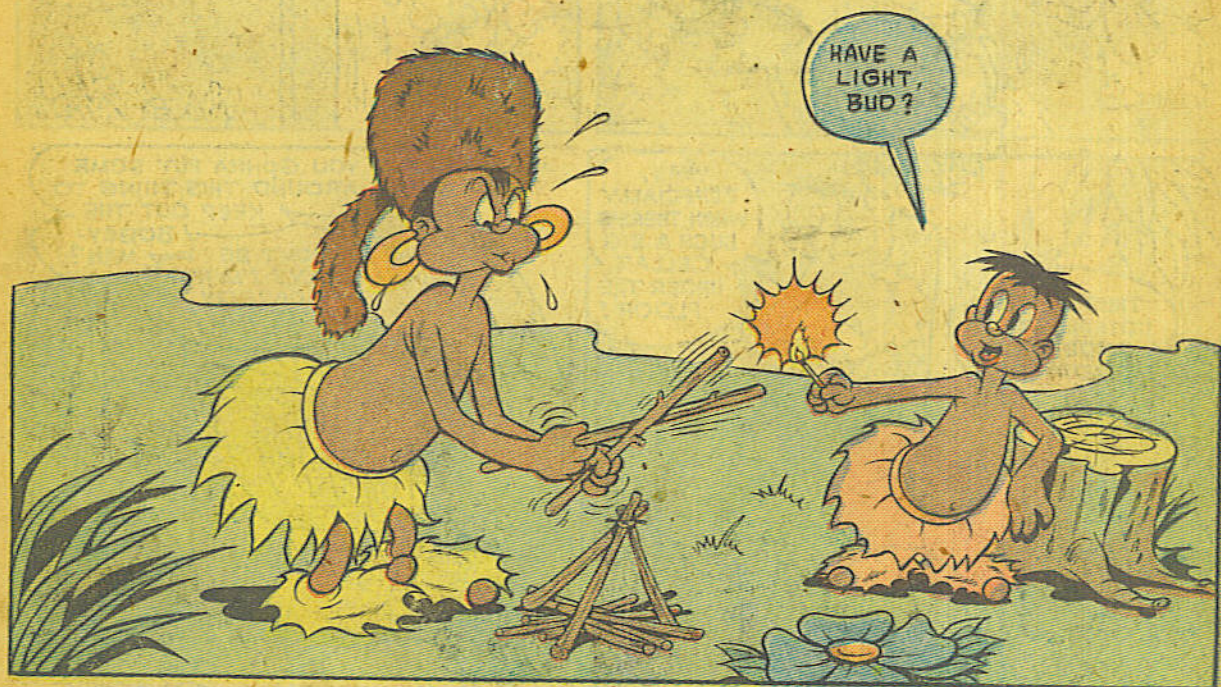




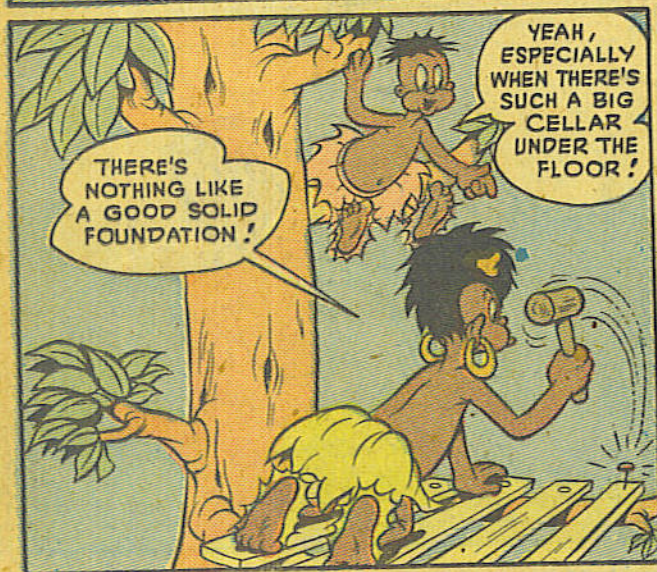
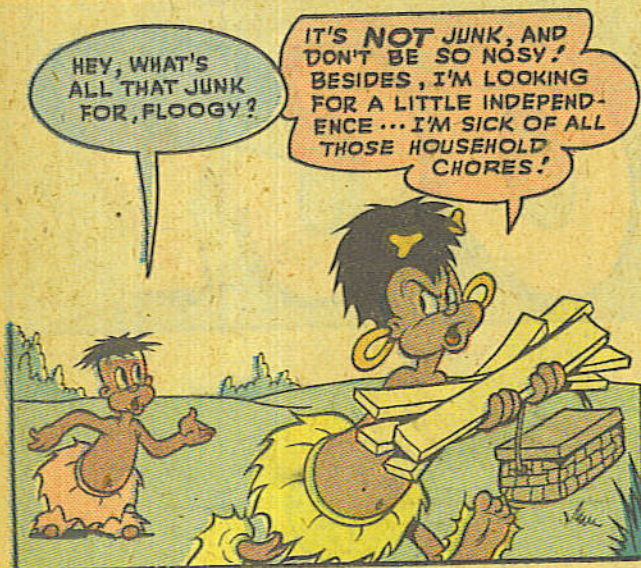




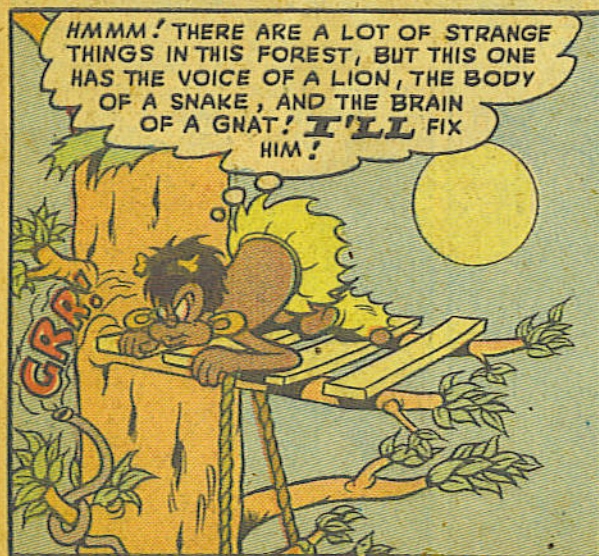
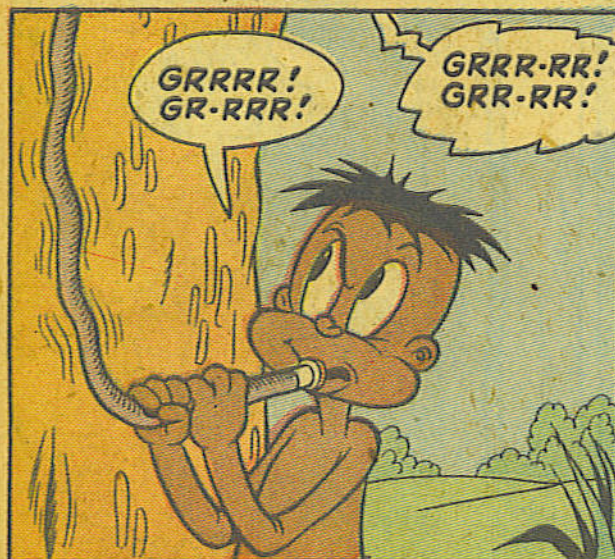
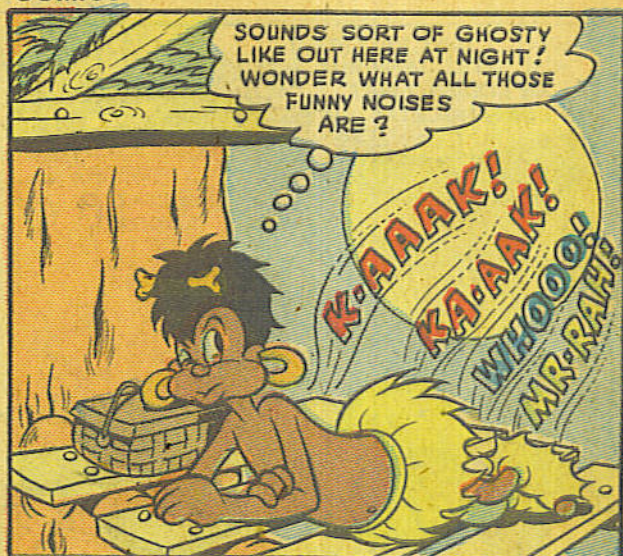
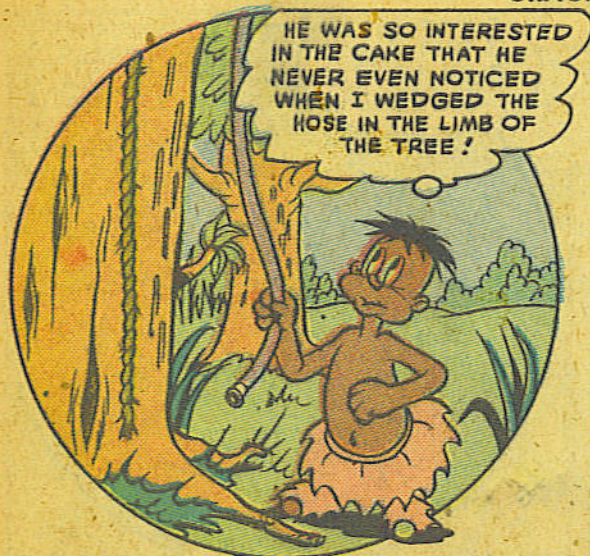
# FLOOOGY



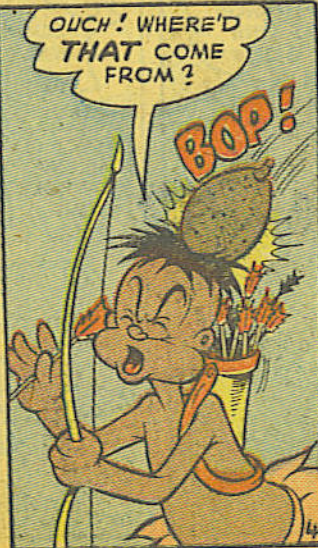
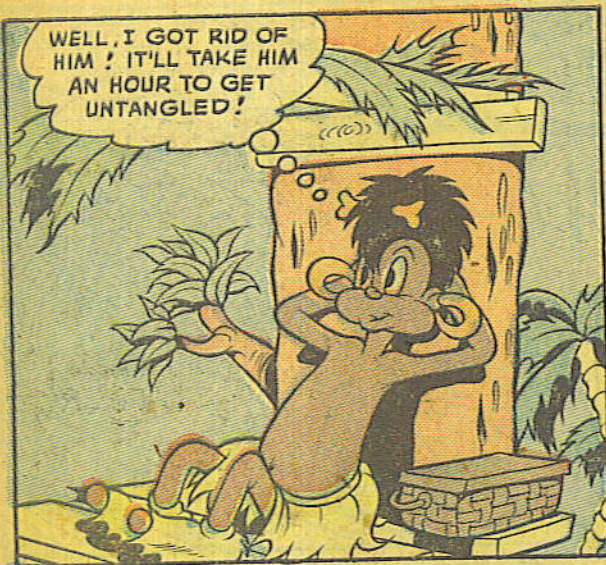




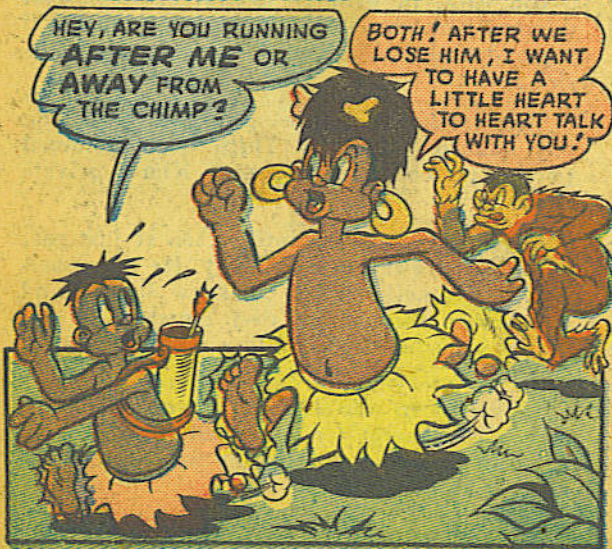
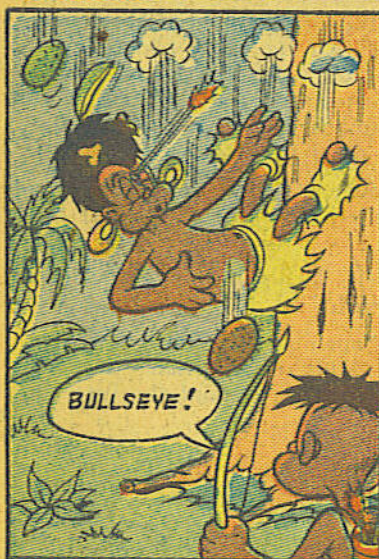
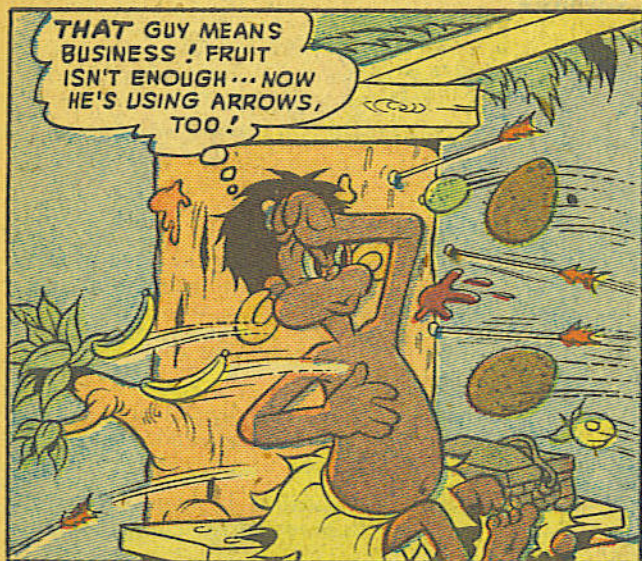














# North Woods Interlude

THE canoe was heavily loaded. Lance Galant sat in the stern with the steering paddle. Kim Meredith was in the middle, and Biff crouched in the bow, ready for the sharp rocks that stuck their noses out of the white water.

The three had not spoken for the past half hour, each being too busy negotiating the rapids that broke the smoothness of the river every few miles.

On both sides of the river were giant pines and tamaracks, the trees of the north country.

"How far yet?" Kim asked.

"Couple of miles," Lance replied.

"Boy," muttered Biff, "that old cabin'll look mighty good to me. I was never cut out for camping in the wilds. Give me a soft bed any day!"

Lance chuckled. "You're a lazy good-for-nothing, Biff. Easy life has put too much padding on those creaking bones of yours."

Kim grinned. "I think Biff's right, Lance. And you can't say I have too much padding—my old bones cut right through those blankets."

"Birds of a feather," chortled Lance.

They paddled for another few minutes.

Z-z-z-z-z!

"What was that, a bee?" called Kim.

The zipping sound ended with a splash on the far side of their canoe. A length of stick with feathers at one end floated in the water, then was whirled away by an eddy.

"Arrow!" exclaimed Lance. "And it was fired at us! . . . Duck, there comes another!"

All three flattened low in the canoe. A second arrow flitted over them, not ten inches above the boat's gunwales.

"Say," said Biff, "who the heck's giving us the Injun business?"

Lance lifted his head and raked the shore with a keen glance. "Don't see anyone."

"Are there Indians up here?" cried Kim. "I don't like this very much."

"There are Indians here, all right," Lance replied; "but I never knew them to pull any such stuff. Bend your paddles, and let's get out of here."

They dug deep and the canoe shot through the water. Then they were around a turn and Lance pointed.

"The cabin," he said.

It stood a few feet back from the edge of the water, a small, log affair with shake roof and a mud-and-stick chimney.

"Not much," said Lance, "but there's an air about that cabin."

They drew into shore and leaped out, drawing the boat well up on the sand. They all three stalked to the door of the cabin.

As soon as Lance pushed it open, he knew someone had been there recently. Things looked different.

"Mebbe some trapper has used it," he said, after he told them that the cabin had been occupied. "Which is all right in this country. I hope he left some canned stuff." He went to the small closed cupboard and opened the door. The shelves were piled with tinned foods.

"Hm," said Lance. "I'll say someone's living here! There's twice as much food as I left last time."

Kim said, "Well, I'm going to get dinner anyway. I'm starved."

She set to work opening tins, while Biff went outside to cut wood for the fire. Lance scratched his head as he wandered about the interior.

"I wonder who it can be?"

"Who?" said Kim as she stirred biscuit batter.

"Whoever's been living here?"

Biff came in with an armful of wood and dumped it down near the fireplace. "Guess I'll try and hook a few trout," he said, going outside again.

They ate dinner and, being tired with the long day, bunked down early. There was a curtained portion in the cabin that made Kim a private room.

Lance fell asleep instantly. Then at just past midnight he awakened suddenly. He remembered hearing nothing, but he knew some sound had broken through his deep slumber. He got out of bed and slipped into a robe and moccasins.

A pale moon was shining. The night was utterly silent except for occasional twitterings of roosting birds and the stealthy footfall of small animals in the woods.

A twig snapped behind Lance, and he whirled.



He heard the twang of a bowstring, and an arrow zipped into the tree trunk near him. It quivered in the bark. Then Lance saw the note tied to its notched end. He drew the arrow out and tore the note loose.

LEAVE AT ONCE (the note read) OR DIE

"Hm," said Lance. "So that's the way it is. Indians my eye! White men are giving us this business. Who?"

He looked around. There was no one in sight. No sound. He shrugged and went back into the cabin. The others were still sleeping. Lance went slowly to bed again, and was soon asleep.

He rose before Kim and Biff and was out in the morning sunlight just after dawn. The air was cool and crisp. He glanced up-stream and saw the flash and sparkle of metal just above the water. He looked harder.

"Someone's panning gold in the river," he said to himself. "I guess they're the ones who want us out of here."

Biff came out of the cabin, and Lance pointed out the two miners.

"Hi!" yelled Biff, and waved an arm. The two men upriver leaped for shore and disappeared into the bushes.

"Say, what is this?" Biff said. "What's wrong with them hombres?"

"I think they've found gold," said Lance, "and don't want anyone around. Come on, let's take a stroll up that way."

They had barely reached the place in the stream where the men had been washing gold, when two masked men stepped out from behind the bushes with revolvers aimed.

"All right, you guys, hold it," said one.

"What's up?" asked Lance.

"You'll see, bozo," the masked gent said.

Two more men appeared with ropes. In a few seconds Lance and Biff were tightly bound. Then the speaker said, "Take 'em to the shack, boys, while we go get the dame."

As Lance and Biff were being forced along a rough trail, Lance said, "If you fellows are panning gold, don't worry about us. We're up here for a bit of camping. What are you going to do with the girl?"

"Leave that to us, bub . . . what we mean to do with the gal—an' you guys, too—we don't rightly know at this moment." He said nothing about the gold.

Soon, Lance and Biff were heaved into the corner of a dark shack, and their legs were tied.

A few minutes later Kim was pushed through the low door and tied up in a rickety chair. She was fuming with anger.

"Who do they think they are?" she snapped. "Wait! I get loose, I'll show 'em!"

"Take it easy, Kim," cautioned Lance. "I'll have you out in a jiff. We'll find out what goes on here."

Toward dark, one of the masked men came to the shack and poked his head inside. "We found gold here, if you want to know. And we've decided what to do with you. We don't want this gold discovered by outsiders. So we're goin' to fix you mugs so's you can't broadcast. Them ropes on you are rawhide, soaked in water. They won't burn."

With that he was gone. And a moment later they heard the snap and crackle of flames.

"Why, the fools are goin' to burn us up!" cried Biff. He strained at his ropes. "They've set fire to the shack!"

"Easy," whispered Lance. "You know my secret." His 'secret' was the fact that he could become, at will, a strange and powerful personage. By rubbing a birthmark on his left wrist, the spirit of his dead brother, Michael, would enter his body, and together they became the invincible figure of Captain Triumph.

Lance did this now. His thongs fell away and he stood up. Quickly he loosed the other two. The flames were roaring up around the dry shack now.

"Come on, we must get out of here," said Captain Triumph. "Better wait till I see if the coast's clear."

He stepped outside. Instantly there were yells as the men, sitting around a small campfire, saw him. But Captain Triumph didn't wait. Shouting to Biff and Kim to come out, he launched himself at the group. In a moment he had knocked them all out without a shot being fired. Then he and Biff tied them up and tossed them in a pile near the burning shack.

"So they resort to crime to keep the secret of their gold find," said Capt. Triumph softly. "And crime's the very thing I've sworn to banish . . . Biff, you take the canoe and paddle down to Hanford; it's only about ten miles. Bring up a couple of Mounted Policemen."

"Okay, pal," Biff hurried off toward the canoe.

"We'll just wait, Kim," said the figure who had magically become Lance Gallant again. "This won't interrupt our little camping trip so much."

Kim smiled, knowing Lance was right.



# Kiki Kelly

HOW FORTUNATE, FINDING THIS PIECE OF CLOTH RIGHT ON KIKI'S DRESSER!

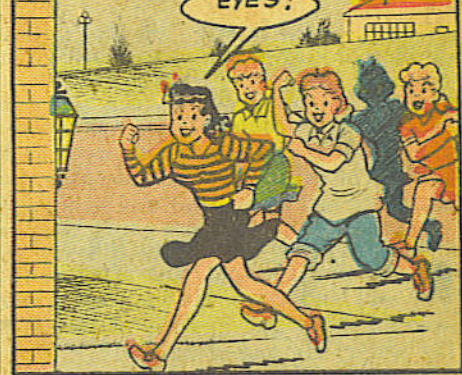
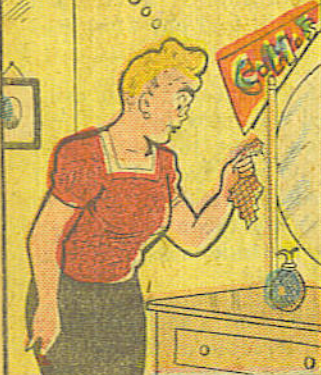
DEAR, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEND YOUR PANTS TO THE TAILOR! I FOUND A PIECE TO ALMOST MATCH THE BURNED PART!

GOOD!

Later...

AND IN A MINUTE, KIDS, YOU'LL SEE IT WITH YOUR VERY OWN EYES!

OH, BOY!



GONE! AND I LEFT IT RIGHT HERE!

YOU MEAN THAT ODD PIECE OF CLOTH? WHY, I SEWED IT ON YOUR DAD'S TROUSERS!

WAS IT SO VERY IMPORTANT?

IMPORTANT, SHE SAYS! IT WAS PRACTICALLY SACRED!

IT WAS NO LESS THAN A PIECE OF THE COAT TAIL OF GREG VAN MADISON, THE MOVIE STAR! THAT'S WHAT!

GREG VAN MADISON! GOOD GRACIOUS!



YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY SEWED THAT PRECIOUS PIECE OF CLOTH ON DAD'S PANTS? WHERE ARE THE PANTS?

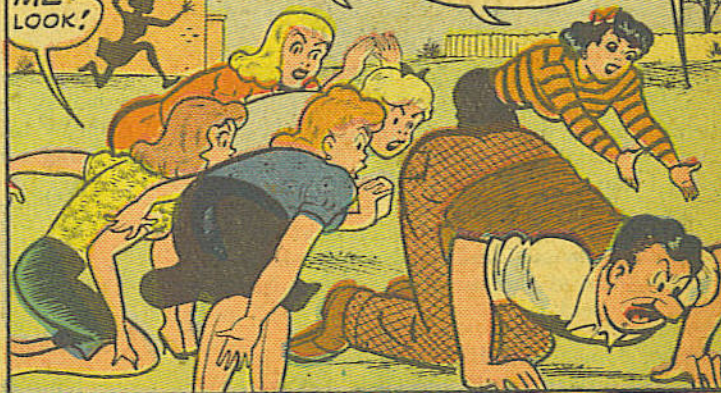
ON YOUR FATHER! HE'S OUT IN THE GARDEN!

HIS OWN! HIS VERY, VERY OWN!

OH, THE THRILL OF SEEING THE ACTUAL PIECE OF CLOTH!

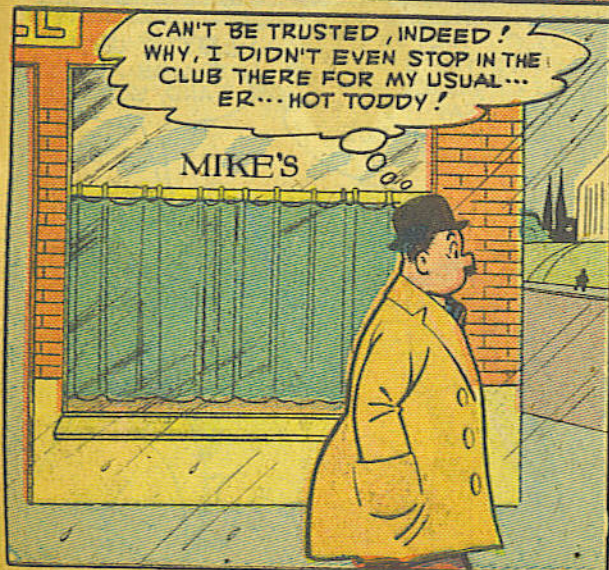
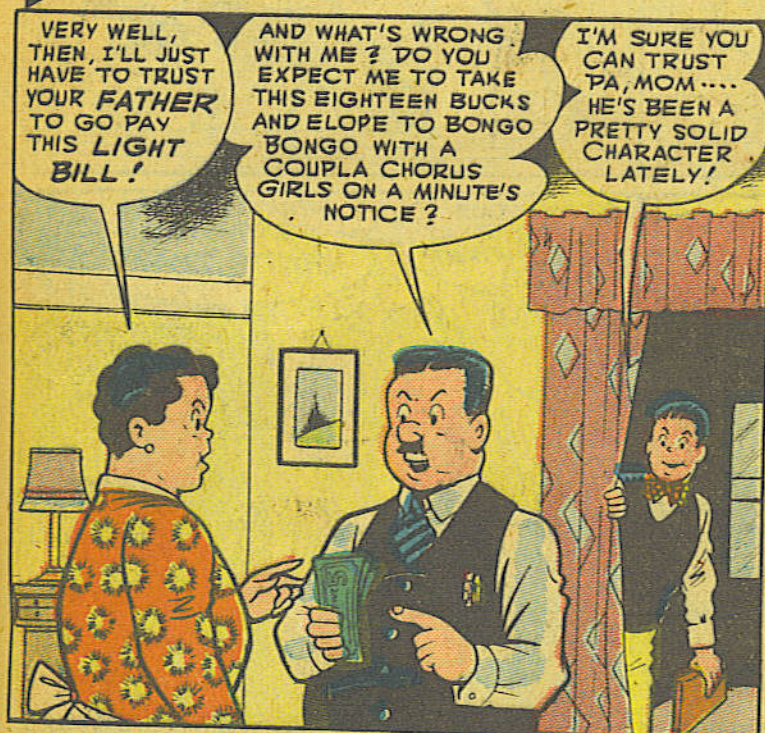
PLEASE, DAD, STAY BENT OVER A LITTLE LONGER! THIS IS A VERY VITAL MOMENT!

WHAT IN THE..?

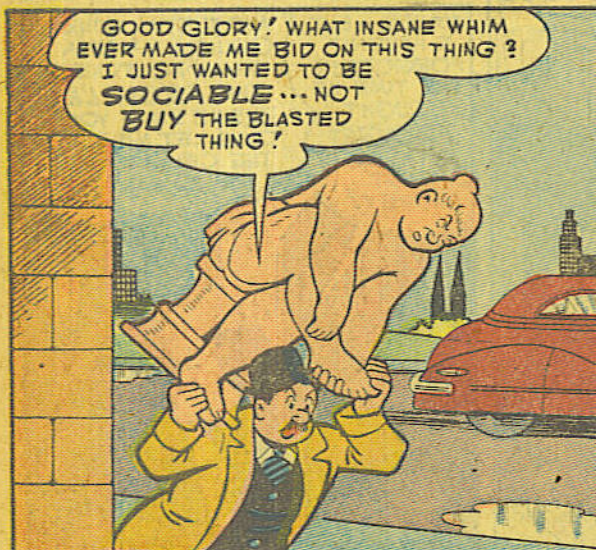
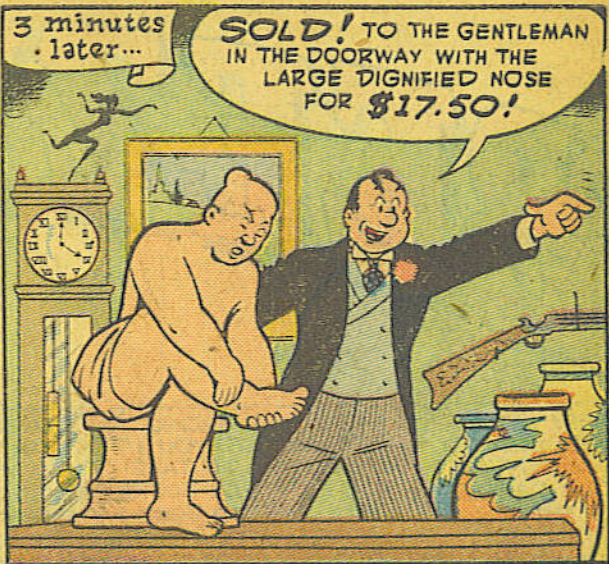




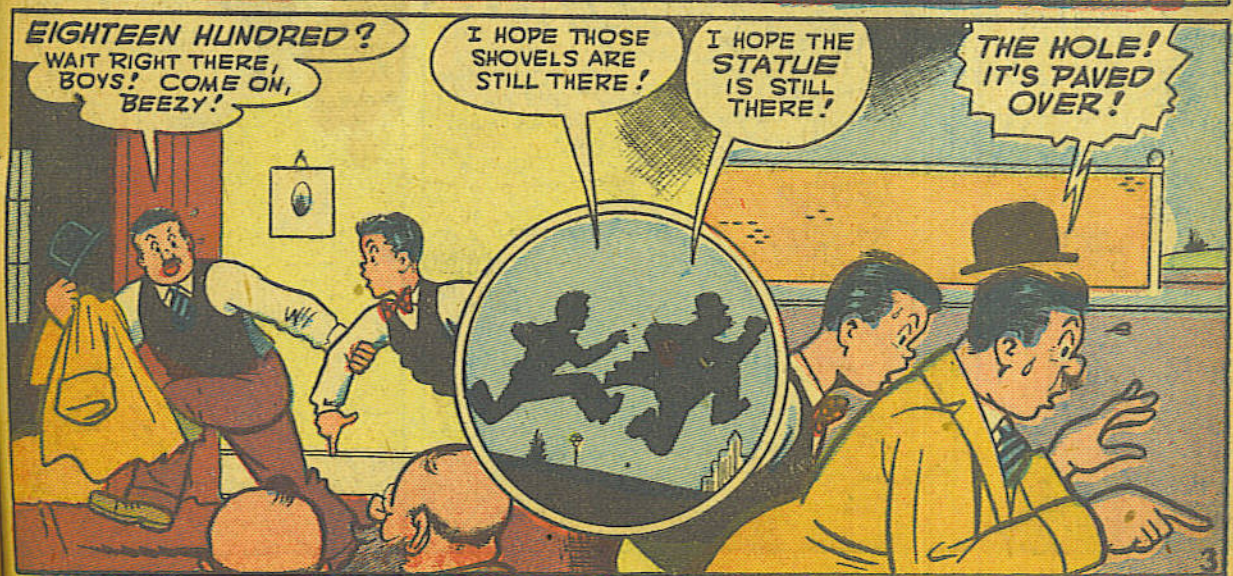
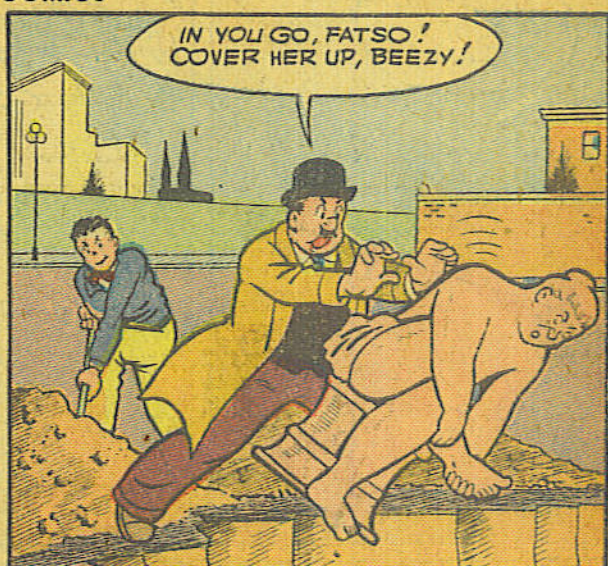
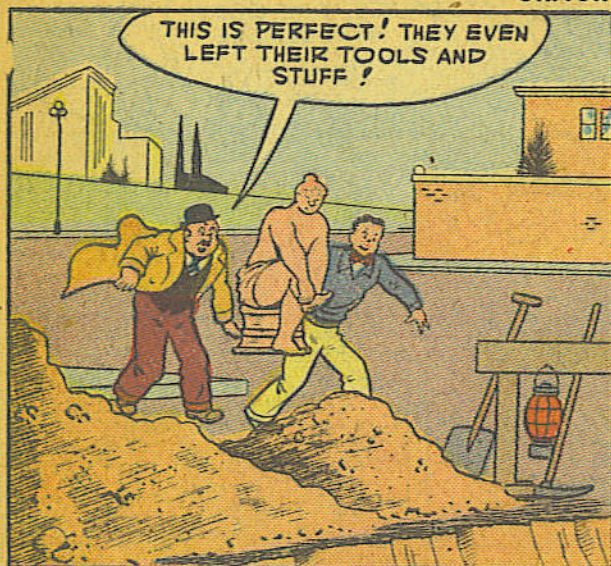
# BEEZY



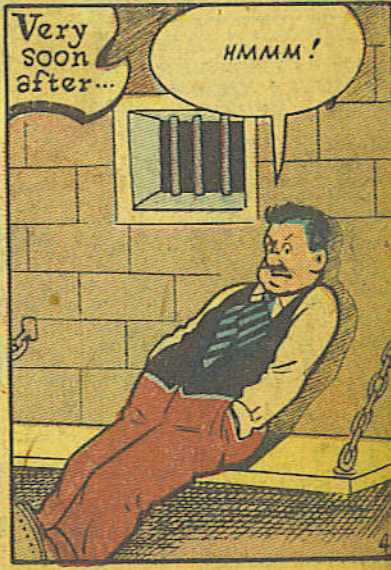
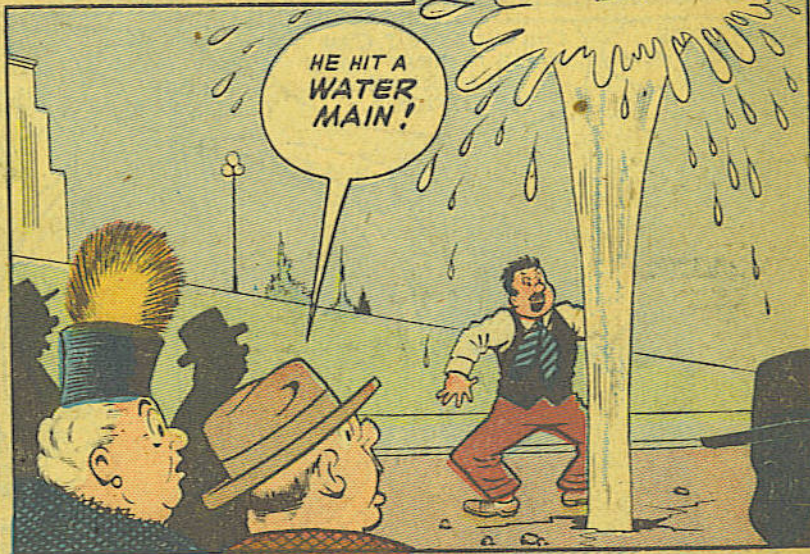
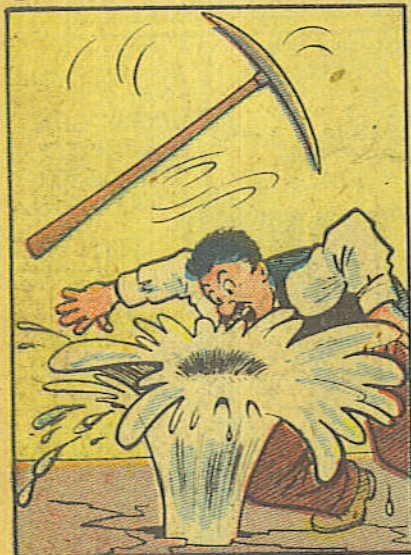
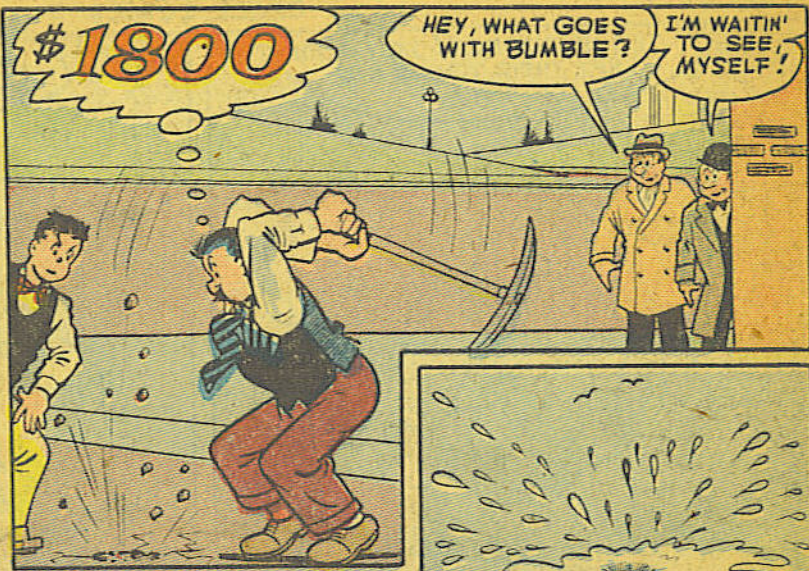














Events follow very fast, and soon...

IT'S OKAY, PA! THE COPS LET ME TAKE THE STATUE AND I COLLECTED THE \$1800!

AND PAID MY FINE! GREAT WORK, SON!

HAVE YOU GOT THE REST OF THE EIGHTEEN HUNDRED WITH YOU?

WELL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, PA, I HAD TO PAY OUT QUITE A LOT OF IT! I HAD TO HIRE A LAWYER AND...

...PAY \$800 FOR DESTROYING CITY PROPERTY, \$200 TO THE WATER DEPARTMENT, \$200 FINE FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE AND RESISTING ARREST, \$550 TO THE LAWYER AND \$32 MISCELLANEOUS!

UGH! AND I ONLY GOT \$18 LEFT?

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY'S THE HOUSE ALL DARK?

IT SEEMS THEY TURNED THE LIGHTS OFF BECAUSE SOMEONE DIDN'T PAY AN \$18 BILL!

WHY, CUSS THEIR HIDES... I'LL GO RIGHT DOWN AND PAY THEIR BLASTED BILL NOW!

JUST A MINUTE, BERTRAM DEAR...

THIS TIME I THINK I'LL PAY THE BILL!

CHEER UP, PA! I GUESS THIS JUST WASN'T ONE OF YOUR GOOD DAYS... THAT'S ALL!

WELL, AT LEAST WE STILL GOT \$18! Y'CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T BREAK EVEN!



# The Greatest BALL-POINT PEN and BILLFOLD BARGAIN in America!

You Get them BOTH for

Only \$1.98  
PEN and BILLFOLD

Retractable Point at a Flick of the Button

## You Get Both

This Easy-Writing PEN  
This Coin Holder  
Pass Case  
BILLFOLD

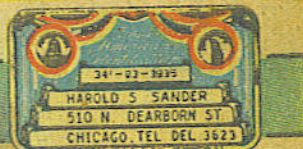
Your Permanent Engraved Identification and Social Security Tag

Clear-View CELLULOID PASS LEAVES

COIN HOLDER IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILLFOLD

This Smart LEATHER BILLFOLD Comes to You Complete with  
★ Large Built-in COIN HOLDER  
★ A Self-Contained PASS CASE  
★ An Engraved IDENTIFICATION PLATE

You Also Receive This Three Color Social Security Plate  
ENGRAVED WITH YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER



Here without a doubt is the greatest merchandise bargain you'll be likely to see for years to come. Only our tremendous purchasing power and large volume "direct-to-you" method of distribution make such a value possible. Shop around and see for yourself. Where else today can you get a Ball Point Pen with a retractable point plus a genuine Leather Pass Case Billfold with built-in Coin Holder and your engraved Social Security Plate—all for only \$1.98. The pen alone has been selling for more than we ask for the Pen AND the Billfold on this offer. When you see the pen and billfold and examine their many outstanding features as described here, you'll agree that we are giving you a value you won't be able to duplicate for a long time. Don't delay taking advantage of this big money-saving offer. These pens and billfolds are sure to sell out fast so it will be first come, first served. Rush your order today on our 10-day Examination Offer. Your satisfaction is positively guaranteed.

## SENSATIONAL FEATURES! THE PEN

- Feather touch button exposes ball point for instant, smooth writing.
- Release button retracts ball point inside chamber. Safe! Can't leak!
- Writes up to 2 years without re-filling. Re-filled cartridges always available.
- Beautiful metal and plastic exterior. Streamlined from top to tip.
- Dries as it writes. No blotting, no smearing, no scratching.
- Makes 6 to 8 carbons. Writes on any paper or fabric surface.

## THE BILLFOLD

- Genuine Leather throughout with cleverly designed built-in plastic Coin Holder made to hold several dollars worth of change so can't fall out.
- It has 4 pocket built-in pass case, each pocket protected by celluloid to prevent soiling of your cards.
- Has spacious currency compartment which opens all the way for easier insertion or removal of bills.
- Has celluloid window with stitched pocket to permanently hold your Engraved Social Security Plate.
- Button Snap Fastener. Easy to open and close. Holds securely.

NO DEPOSIT! NO MONEY!—To Receive This Marvelous Triple Value!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2629  
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 20, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Retractable Ball Point Pen and Genuine Leather Coin Holder Billfold with my engraved three-color Social Security Plate as described. Upon arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not 100% satisfied, I can return my purchase within ten days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print Clearly)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

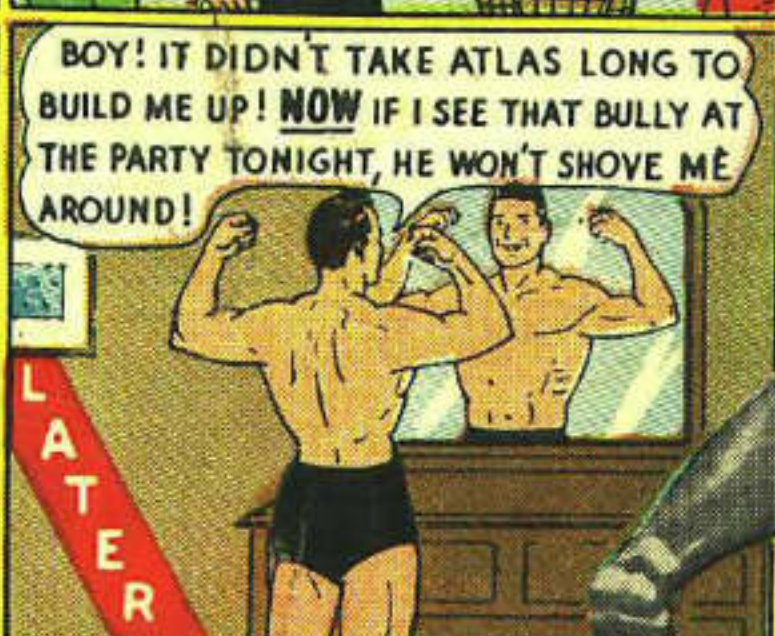
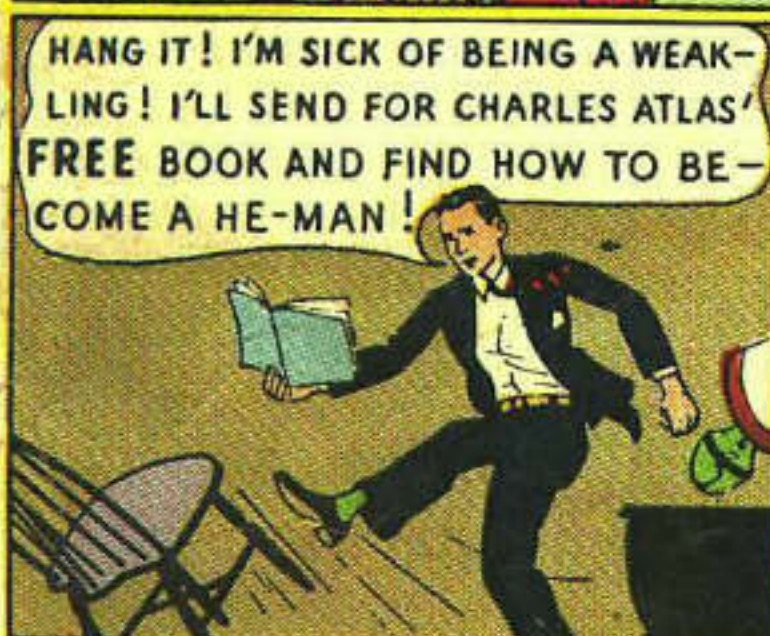
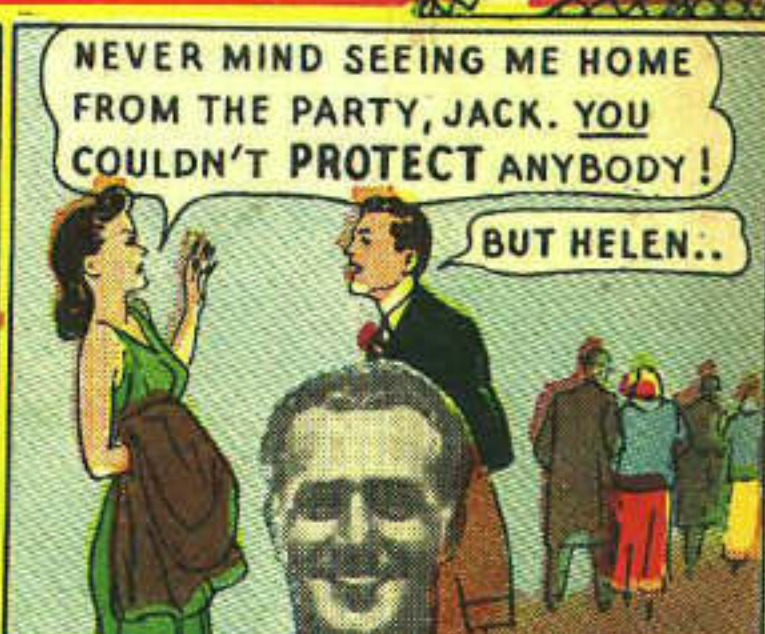
☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing \$2.15 (\$1.98 plus 10¢ Fed. Tax.) Please ship my order all postage charges prepaid. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

**SEND NO MONEY!**  
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY





# HOW "JACK THE WEAKLING" SLAUGHTERED THE "DANCE-FLOOR HOG"!



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too — in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Jack—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

### You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will

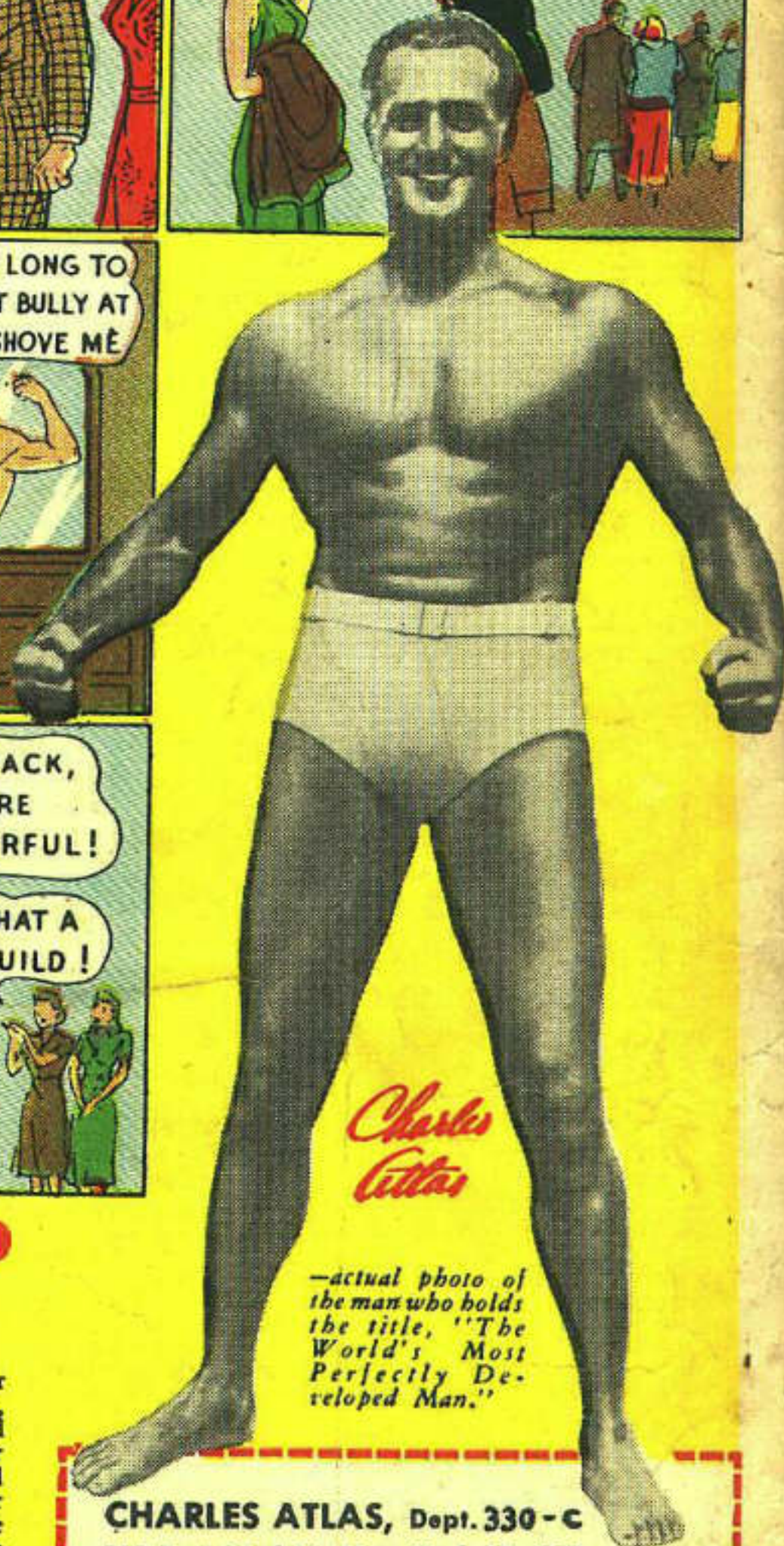
notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept. 330-C,  
115 East 23rd St., New  
York 10, N. Y.



*Charles  
Atlas*

—actual photo of  
the man who holds  
the title, "The  
World's Most  
Perfectly De-  
veloped Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-C**

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No. (if any) .....State.....